

OCT
2023

MAD

NO.
33

GOES BACK TO GHOUL



MAD

NO. 33 OCTOBER 2023

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZIE HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR



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- 03** A MAD Look at Zombies, MAD #483, Nov 2007
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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Terry Wolfinger

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.



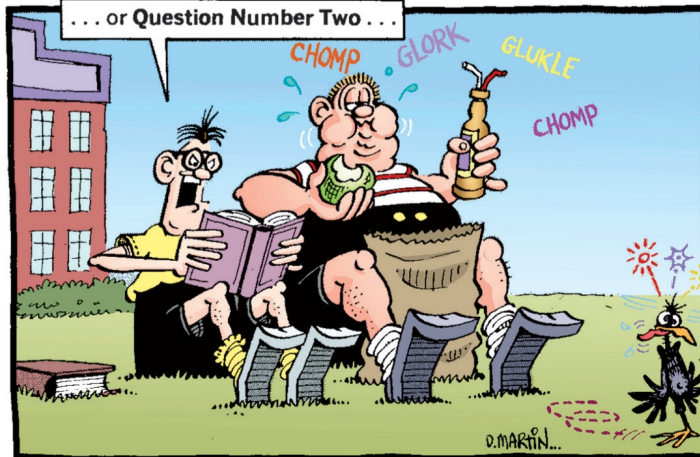
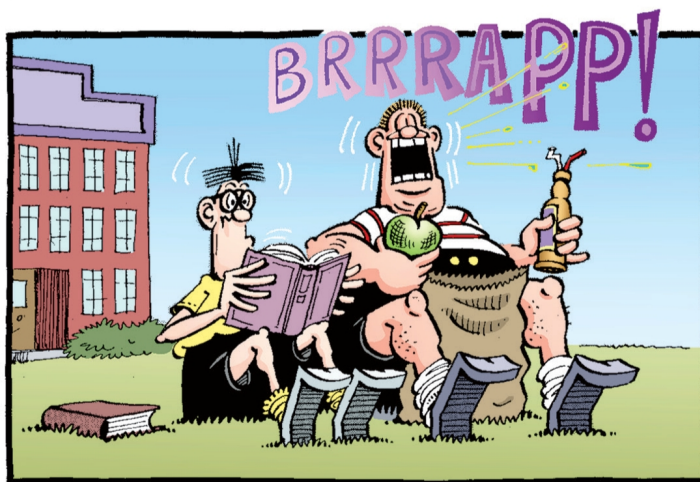
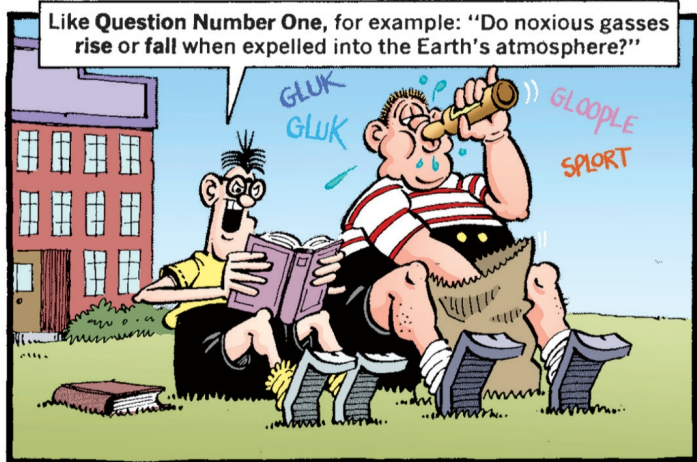
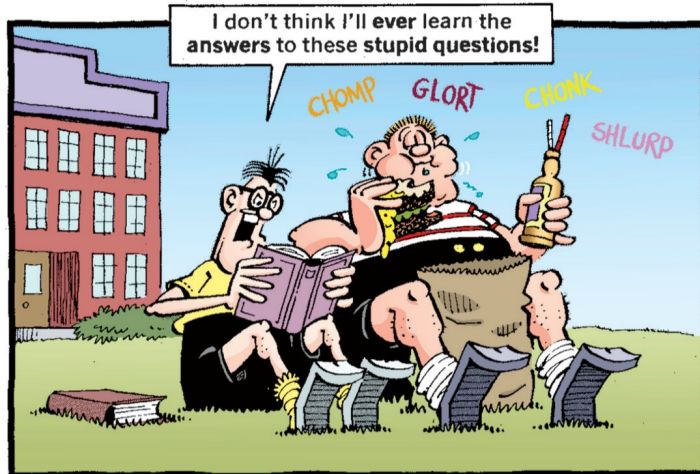
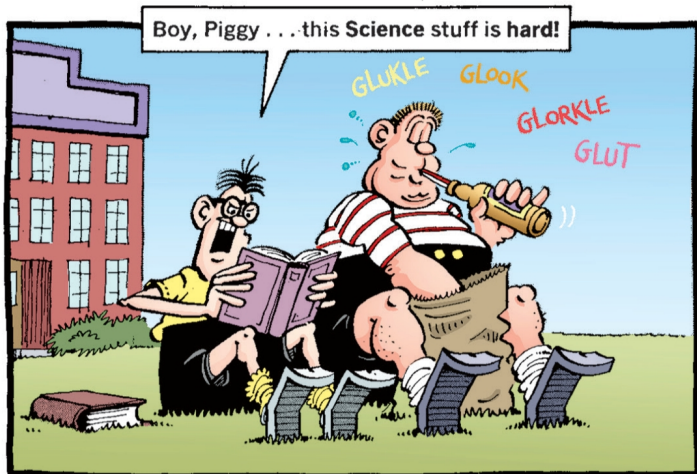
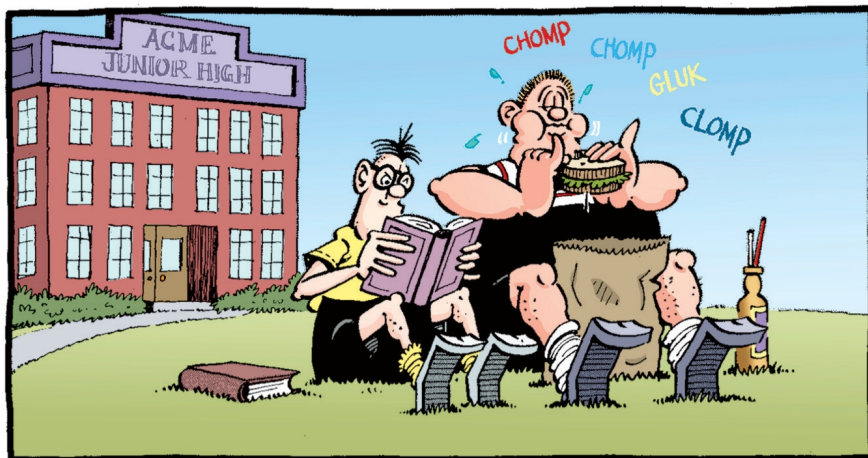
ALF-ENSTEIN ART MASH UP:
COVER ART MAD #102, MAR 1966
ARTIST NORMAN BRINDO
COVER ART MONSTER MAD PAPERBACK #68, 1985
ARTIST JAMES WARRICK
E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB AD ART, MAD #8, DEC/JAN 1953-'54
ARTIST JACK DAVIS

COMMENTS



ONE FINE DAY DURING LUNCH PERIOD

WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**





SERGE IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONÉS
PRESENTS

A MAD LOOK



WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS



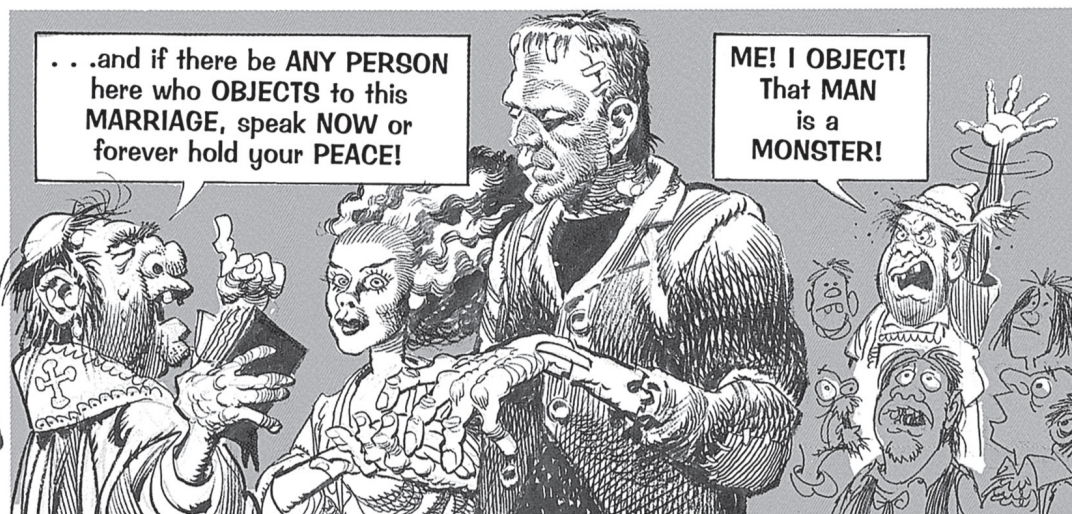


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #483, NOV 2007

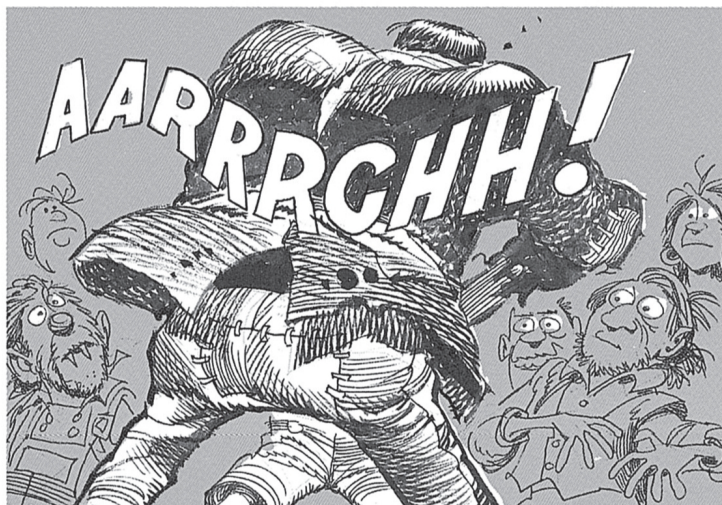
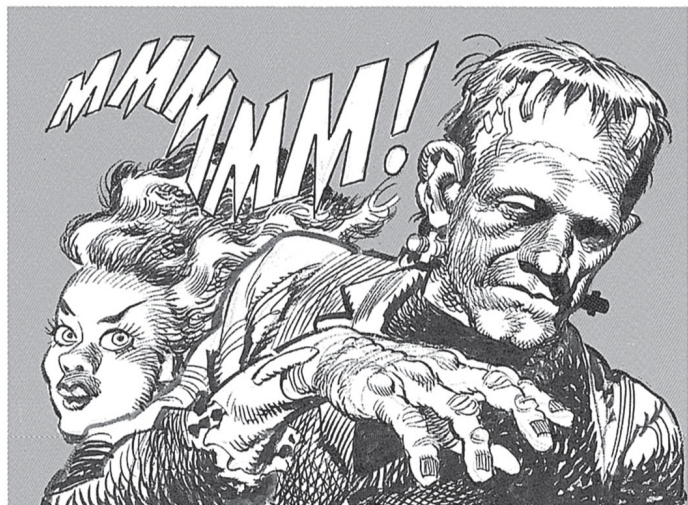




SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE...



WRITER DUCK EDWING ARTIST JACK DAVIS



CORN ON MACABRE DEPT.

We all know people who smile on the outside, but are disgusting and downright weird inside! Every year we elect many of them to public office! But here, we're talking about a famous bunch who, with their particular brand of wackiness, have grossed millions of dollars AND millions of people!!! We're referring, of course, to (all together, snap your fingers)...

I'm Gonads, father of the Adnauseam Family! Normally, I don't have a worry in the world because I have a vault in the basement filled with riches! But all that wealth could vanish in a few days! I just called a plumber to see why the pipes in the bathroom stopped oozing that wonderful raw sewage! And you know what plumbers charge!

I'm More-teasin'! I'm Gonad's wife! Gonad and I have a very special relationship. We relish *double entendres*! Lately we've been thinking of inviting over one of the neighbors so we can try "*triple entendres*!" Kinky!

I'm the son of Abigail Grave-in, a con artist! She and her crooked lawyer are making me pose as Uncle Festive, who's been missing for 25 years, so we can get our hands on the Adnauseam fortune! On the other hand, perhaps I am the real Uncle Festive! I haven't a clue! I've been Back to the Future so many times, I don't know what century it is!

CARDINAL

JAN EATING RIGANNA

I'm Grandmuck! I'm a widow. The last time I saw my husband alive was when we had him for Thanksgiving dinner. He was delicious! I don't feel like cooking tonight so I called Domino's. They get a pizza delivery boy over here in 30 minutes or less so I don't even have to warm it up in the oven! The delivery boy, I mean, not the pizza!

I'm Doomsday, the daughter! I used to torture my little brother, Pigsley, but yesterday he said something that made me stop! He said he enjoyed it!

I'm Pigsley! My sister, Doomsday, is right—I really LOVE physical and mental pain! That's why I begged my Mom and Dad to send me to a Catholic School!

THINGS
PLAN

Uncle Festive's been missing for 25 years, but I'm not convinced the person who just showed up here is really him!

Gee, he sure does look like Uncle Festive!

And he sure does sound like Uncle Festive!

He doesn't SMELL like Uncle Festive, though! No one else had that dank, musty, loathsome, winsome smell that was unmistakably Uncle Festive!

I have a plan to see if that person is really Uncle Festive! I've invited some of the most dangerous and scariest people to visit us! They'll be able to tell us if he's the real Uncle Festive!

Oh boy, we're going to meet Mike Tyson!

And David Duke!

No dear, we would not invite people that dangerous to our home! Not together, anyway! We like gruesome sights, but even we have to draw the line somewhere!

The Adnauseam Family

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO
ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

The Adnauseam Family house is spooky! And it's located in the creepiest, most disgusting part of town!

That's exactly the kind of location the Adnauseams wanted!

If it was creepy and disgusting they wanted, they should've bought a house on Madison Avenue in New York—it's the heart of the advertising community!

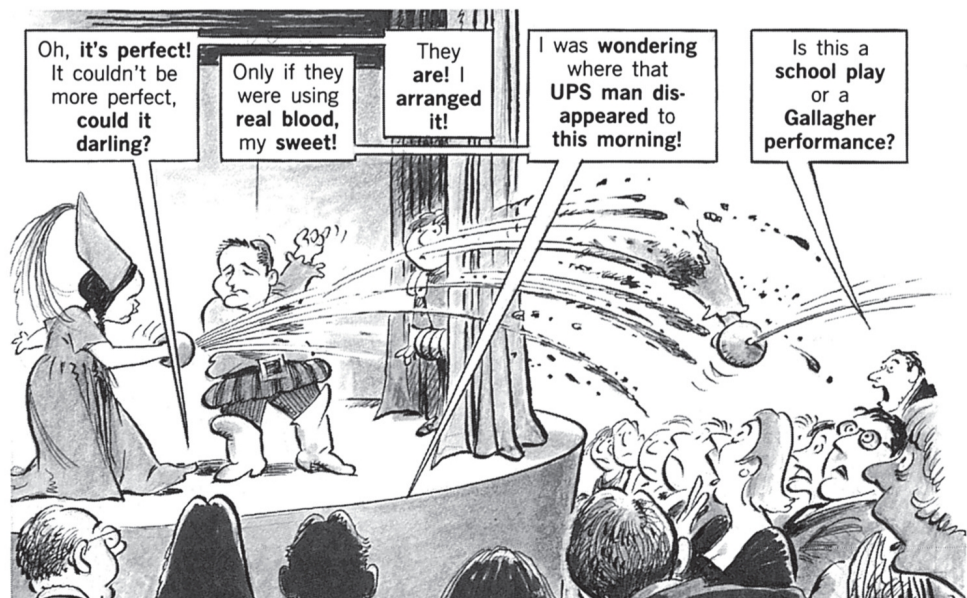
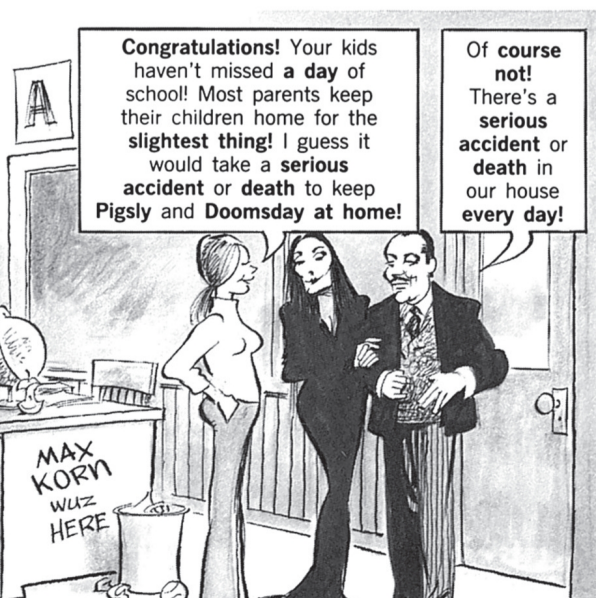
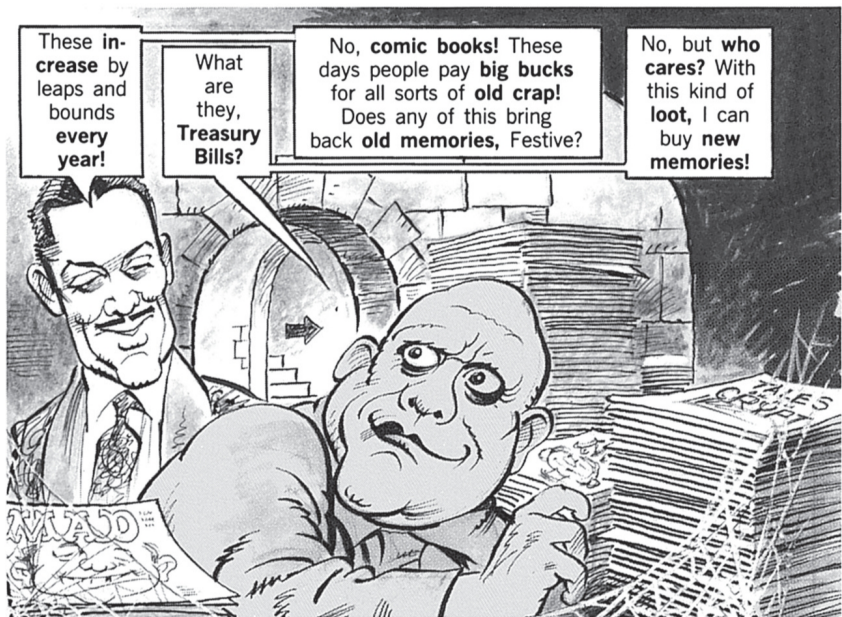
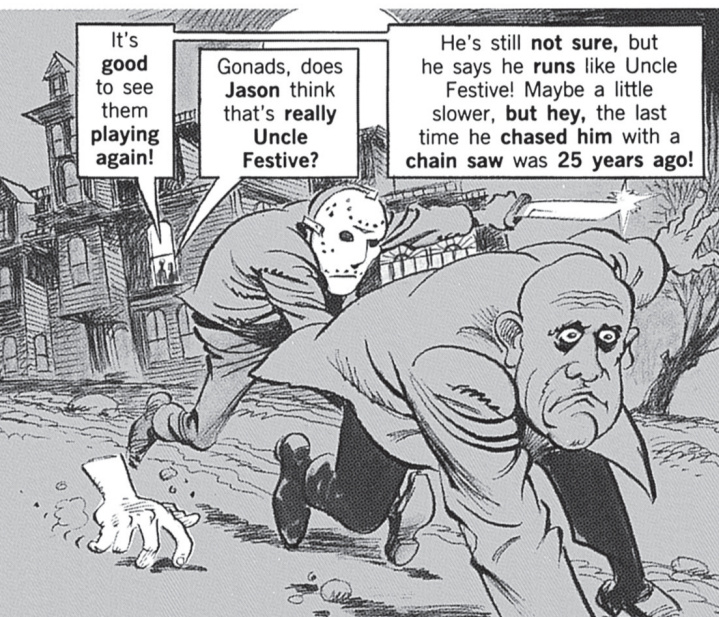
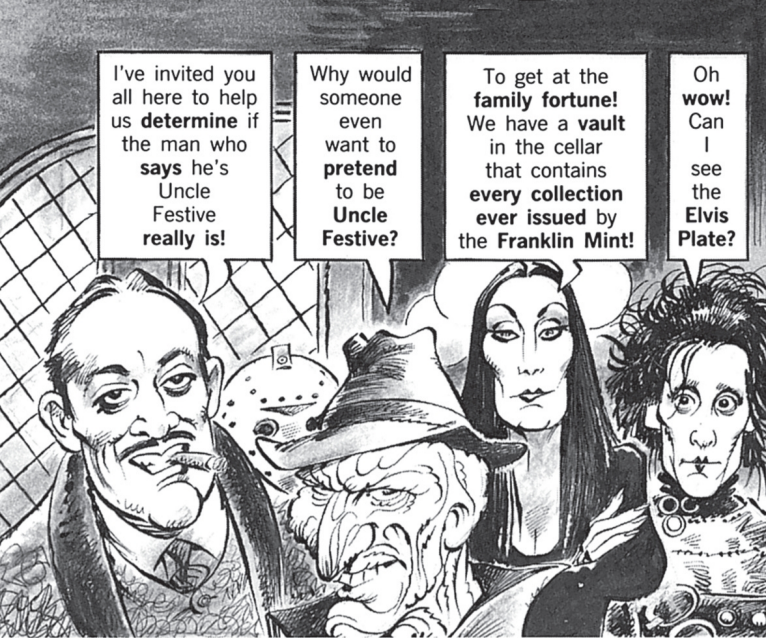
Edward Scissorhands! Glad to see you! Forgive me if I don't shake your hand! Thing-a-ma-jig had an entire body before he shook hands with you!

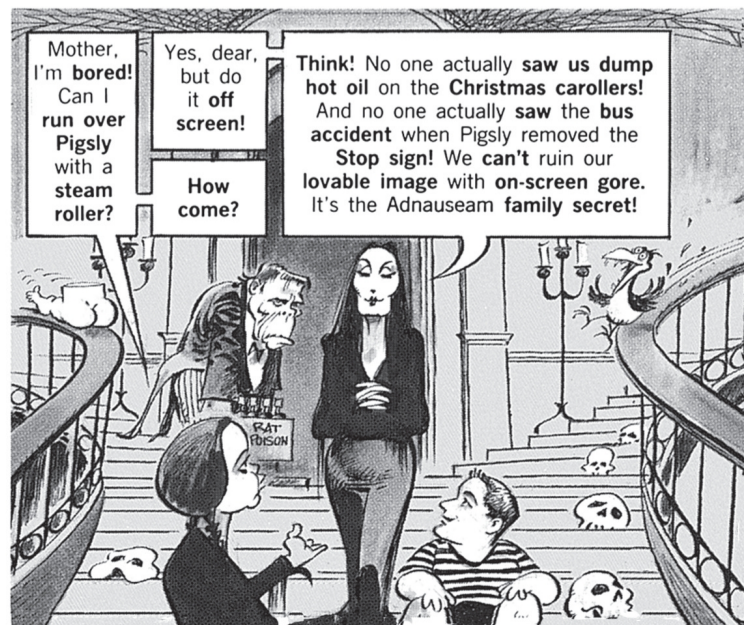
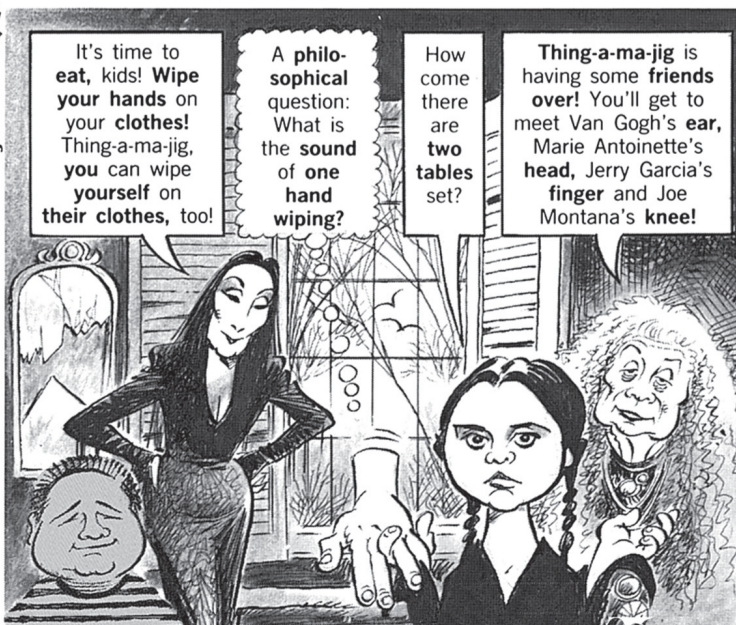
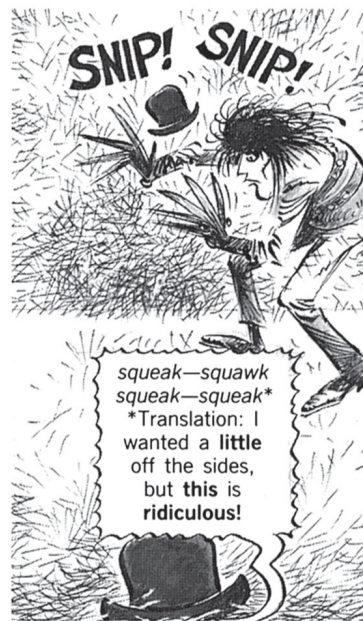
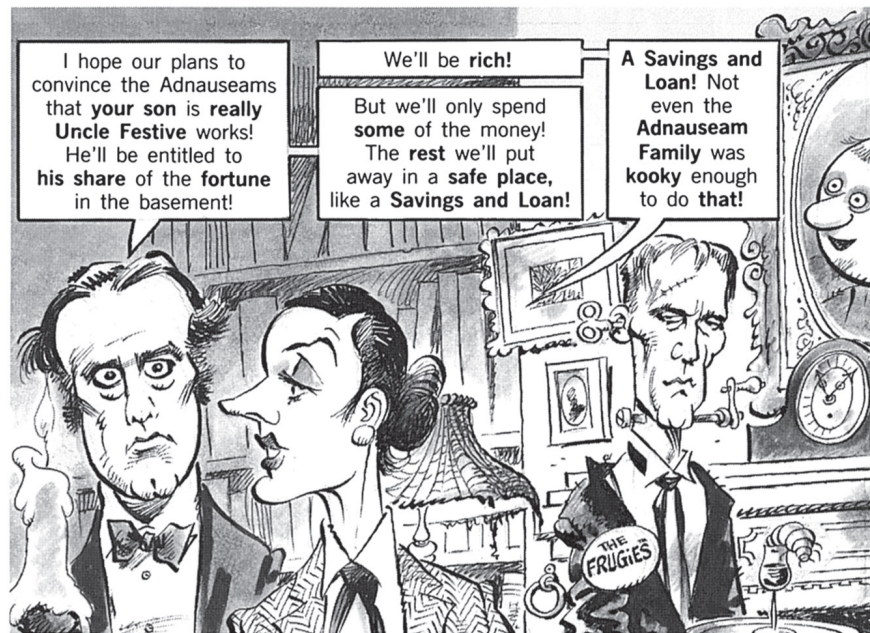
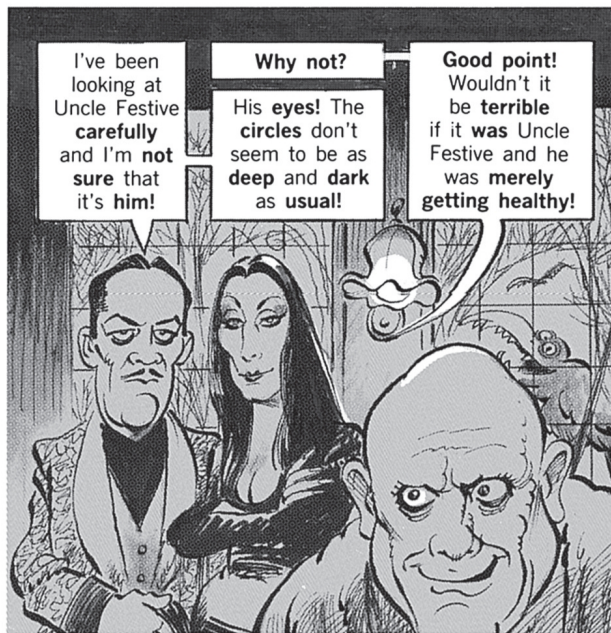
Jason, is that a blood-caked machete or are you just glad to see me?

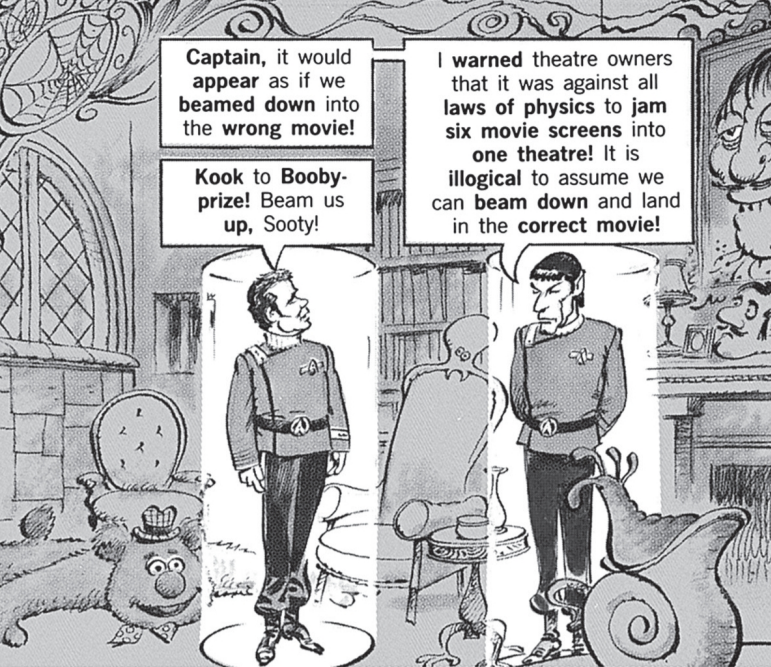
Freddy, I'm so glad you're here! When I see that gorgeous skin I get jealous!

I'm Lunch! I never say a single word! The film cost \$50 million to make but they didn't want to spend the extra \$250 in scale wages so I could have speaking lines!









Captain, it would appear as if we beamed down into the wrong movie!

Kook to Booby-prize! Beam us up, Sooty!

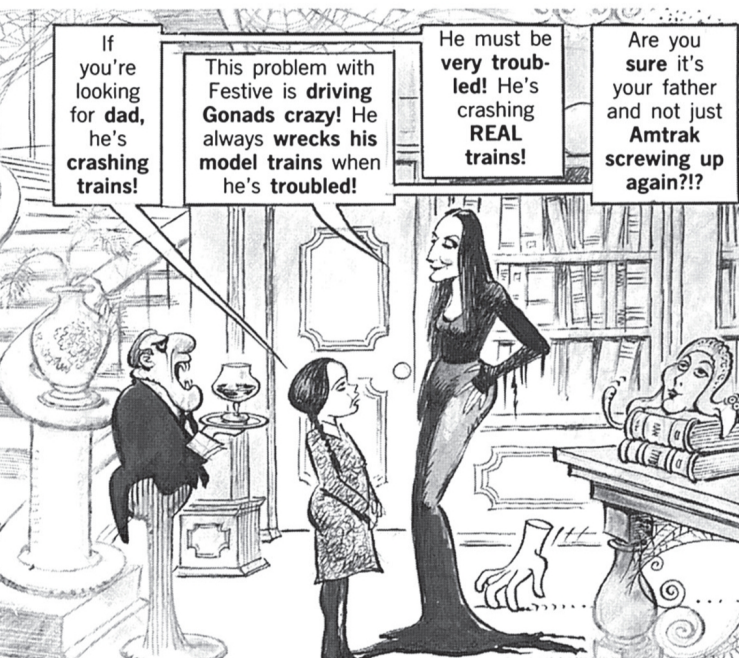
I warned theatre owners that it was against all laws of physics to jam six movie screens into one theatre! It is illogical to assume we can beam down and land in the correct movie!



What do you think? Is he really Uncle Festive?

I'm not sure, but he sure tastes like Uncle Festive!

I can't stand it! The Adnauseum Family have a multi-million dollar movie and a new book of cartoons! All we have is a crappy, low-budget TV sitcom with that stupid John Schmuck! Life is so unfair!!!

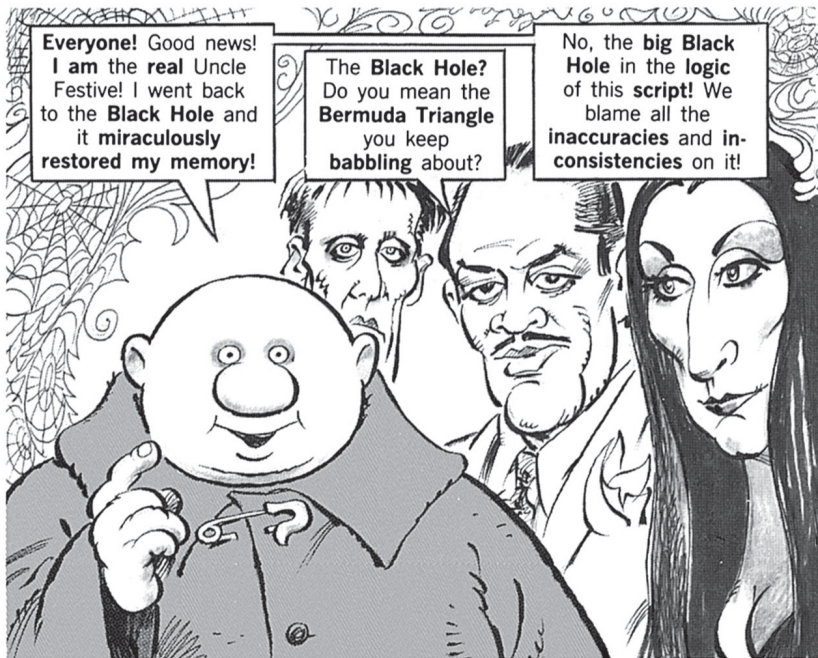


If you're looking for dad, he's crashing trains!

This problem with Festive is driving Gonads crazy! He always wrecks his model trains when he's troubled!

He must be very troubled! He's crashing REAL trains!

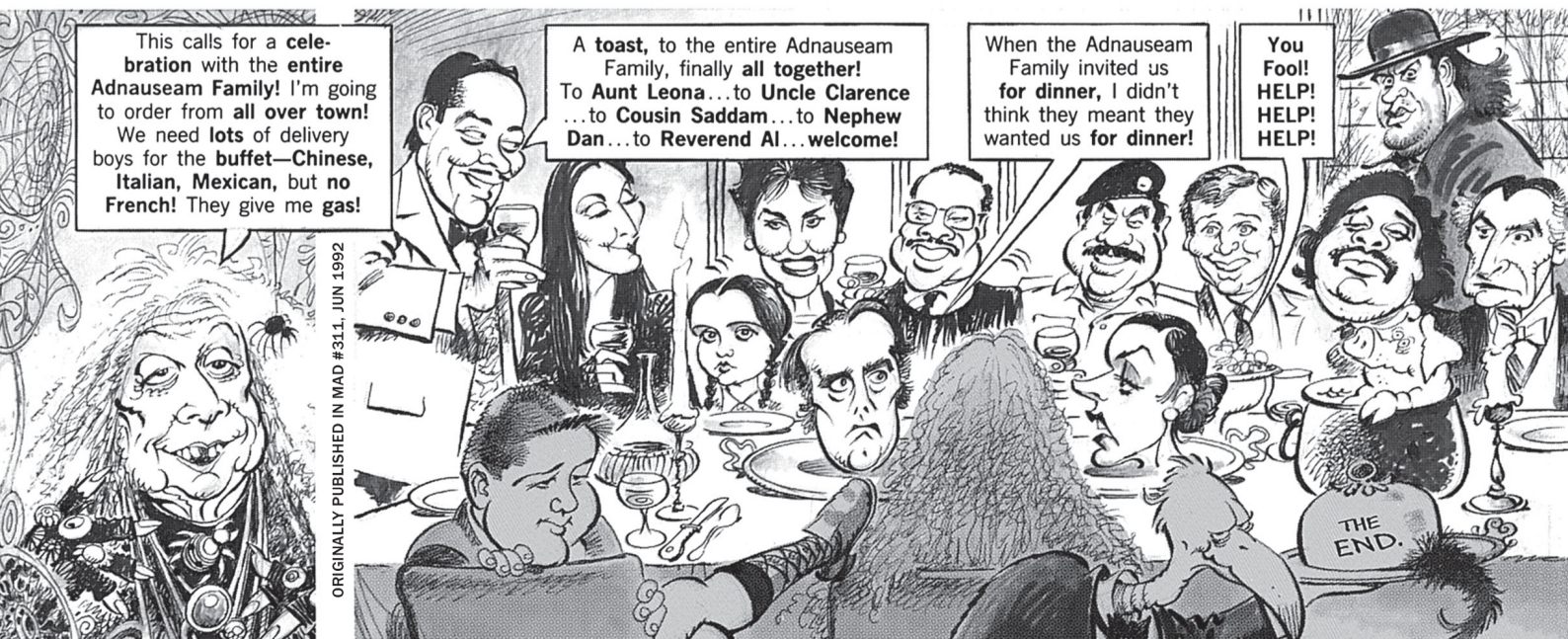
Are you sure it's your father and not just Amtrak screwing up again?!



Everyone! Good news! I am the real Uncle Festive! I went back to the Black Hole and it miraculously restored my memory!

The Black Hole? Do you mean the Bermuda Triangle you keep babbling about?

No, the big Black Hole in the logic of this script! We blame all the inaccuracies and inconsistencies on it!



This calls for a celebration with the entire Adnauseum Family! I'm going to order from all over town! We need lots of delivery boys for the buffet—Chinese, Italian, Mexican, but no French! They give me gas!

A toast, to the entire Adnauseum Family, finally all together! To Aunt Leona...to Uncle Clarence...to Cousin Saddam...to Nephew Dan...to Reverend Al...welcome!

When the Adnauseum Family invited us for dinner, I didn't think they meant they wanted us for dinner!

You Fool! HELP! HELP! HELP!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #311, JUN 1992



DEFINITELY COME IN CANDY DEPT.

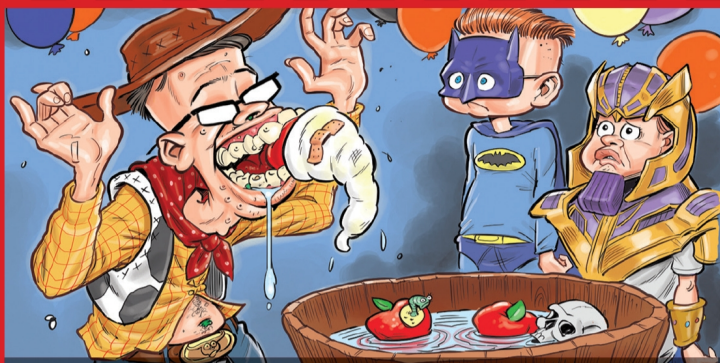
It's easy to forget that Halloween is a time to celebrate the *idea* of death and dismemberment, not actually *experience* it. Allow us to hold your hand during this holiday of horror and guide you away from the afterlife for at least one more year!

DON'T DIE THIS HALLOWEEN!!!

Here are MAD's **BLOODY** good safety tips for parents of boys and ghouls!

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **ED STECKLEY**

ARE YOUR KIDS BOBBING FOR APPLES—OR DISEASE?



Throwing a party where everyone's dipping their heads into the same water and then biting that floating fruit? Disgusting! Your guests will feel so much safer bobbing for apples knowing each one is nestled in a protective condom!

SHOW KIDS JUST HOW SAFE YOUR CANDY IS!



When passing out treats, unwrap one and take a bite as the kids watch. Then hand them the uneaten piece. They'll see there's nothing "bad" inside.
BONUS: You'll be giving out a lot less candy this way!

MAKE SURE YOUR KIDS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT!



Use plenty of reflective tape on your child's hands, wrists, arms, back, front, neck, legs, feet, and head. At crosswalks, tell them not to linger in front of cars that have their headlights on.

SAFEGUARD AGAINST DEADLY FIRES!



Decorations are often the first thing to ignite at Halloween parties. Be sure all decorations are far away from people. Don't use electric or battery-operated lights, and definitely don't use candles! Every decoration is a potential catastrophe!

SET A CURFEW FOR YOUR KIDS TO BE HOME!



Make it really clear that your kids **MUST** be home at least one minute before the set time!

PICK THE LEAST DANGEROUS TIME FOR FUN!



Prime-time trick-or-treating leads to trampling and—worst of all—sugar highs too close to bedtime. If you want them to be safe and *really* scare the neighbors, have them "trick-or-treat" at 7 A.M. Halloween morning!



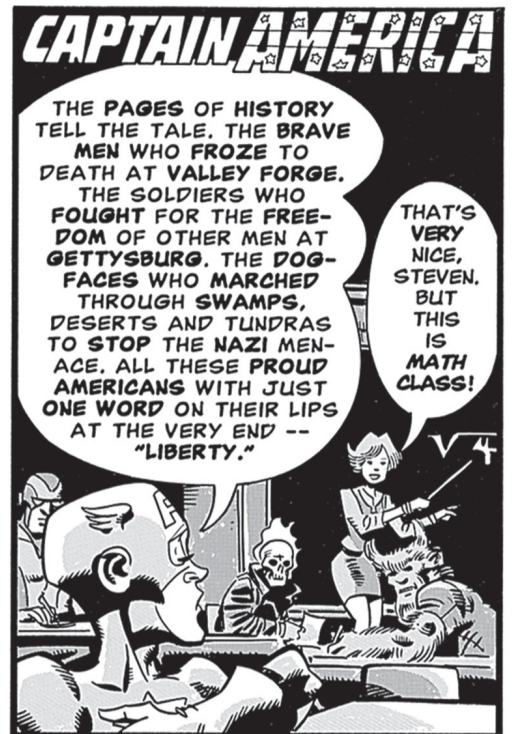
YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SAVE THE GALAXY FROM MANIACAL EVILDOERS AND THEIR SENSES-SHATTERING DEATH PLOTS WITHOUT A PROPER, SOLID EDUCATION. THE KIND OF EDUCATION PROVIDED AT...

SUPERHERO HIGH



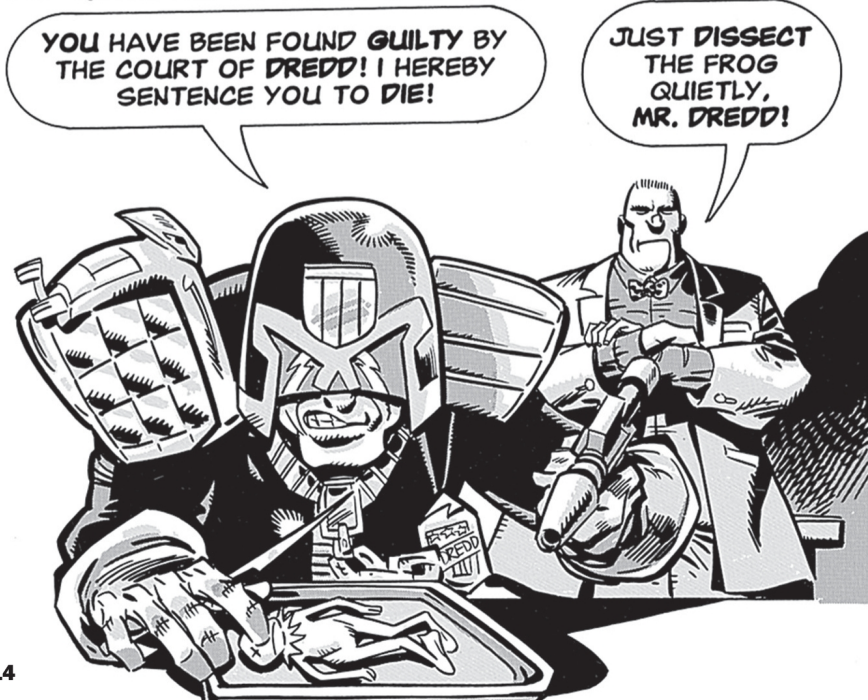
NOTE TO COMIC BOOK GEEKS EVERYWHERE:

FOR THE SAKE OF BUYING INTO THE PREMISE OF THIS ARTICLE, PLEASE SUSPEND ALL OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EARLY YEARS OF YOUR FAVORITE SUPERHEROES IN THEIR RESPECTIVE UNIVERSES. WE KNOW THAT THIS SCHOOL COULDN'T POSSIBLY EXIST AND THAT WE'RE MIXING UP TIME, CHARACTERS AND COMIC BOOK LOGIC. WE KNOW! BUT SINCE THEY'RE ALL FICTIONAL CHARACTERS ANYWAY, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER NOW, DOES IT? OKAY, SO DON'T WRITE US TO WHINE AND COMPLAIN. JUST LEAVE US ALONE AND PLEASE GET A LIFE!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #340, OCT/NOV 1995

JUDGE DREDD

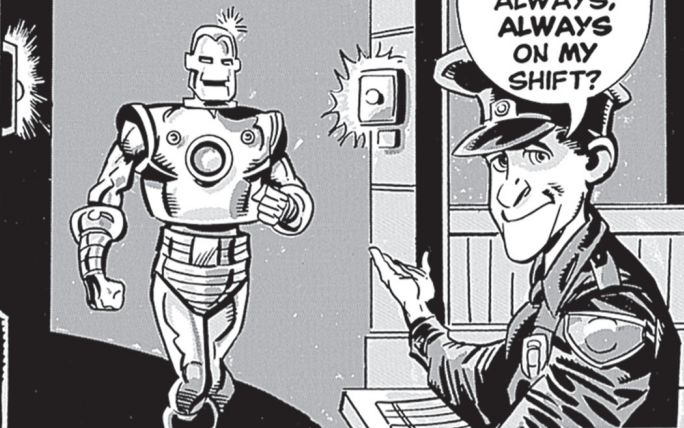


Mr. Fantastic



AHEM! EYES
ON YOUR
OWN PAPER,
PLEASE!

IRON MAN



WHY IS IT
ALWAYS,
ALWAYS,
ALWAYS
ON MY
SHIFT?

DOCTOR STRANGE

I CALL UPON THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGARTH -- O,
ANCIENT AURIC WRAITHS! O, YE ELDRITCH SUCCUBI!
HEED MY INCANTATION! BY THE FLAMES OF FALTUU,
INFUSE MY OBI! THUS SPEAKS STRANGE!



MAYBE THIS SCHOOL
PRAYER THING ISN'T
SUCH A HOT IDEA!

GREEN LANTERN

YOU DOPEHEADS CAN'T
FOOL ME!
THIS IS SOME KIND OF A BONG,
ISN'T IT!



HE MIGHT NOT BE THE
SHARPEST TOOL IN THE
SHED, BUT I'VE NEVER
SEEN A BETTER STUDENT
IN SHOP CLASS!



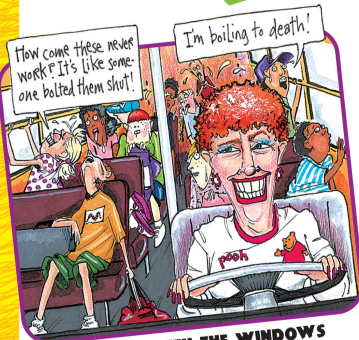
THOR

CONAN THE BARBARIAN

THAT'S THE THIRD CLASSMATE
YOU'VE DECAPITATED THIS
TERM! YOU WON'T BE GETTING
THIS BACK UNTIL YOU'VE SHOWN
YOU CAN LEARN TO WORK COOPERATIVELY!



What School Bus Drivers are Doing While You're in Class!



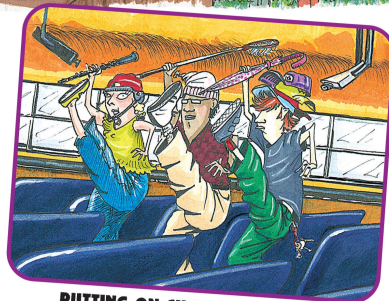
MESSING WITH THE WINDOWS



HAVING FLEA MARKETS WITH ALL THE STUFF KIDS LEAVE BEHIND



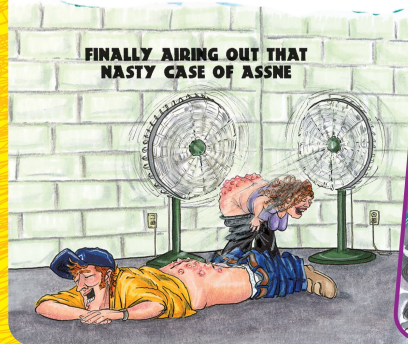
HAVING MONSTER BUS STUNT COMPETITIONS



PUTTING ON SHOWS FOR THE ON-BUS SECURITY CAMERAS



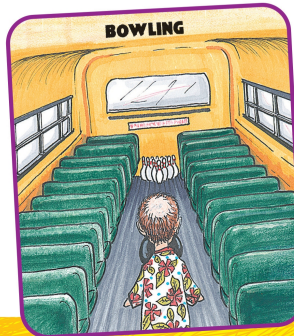
SNOOZING AFTER FINDING THE RIGHT SEAT



FINALLY AIRING OUT THAT NASTY CASE OF ASSNE



BLASTING ALL THE DIESEL-FUMEY SHOTS OUT OF THEIR NOSES



BOWLING

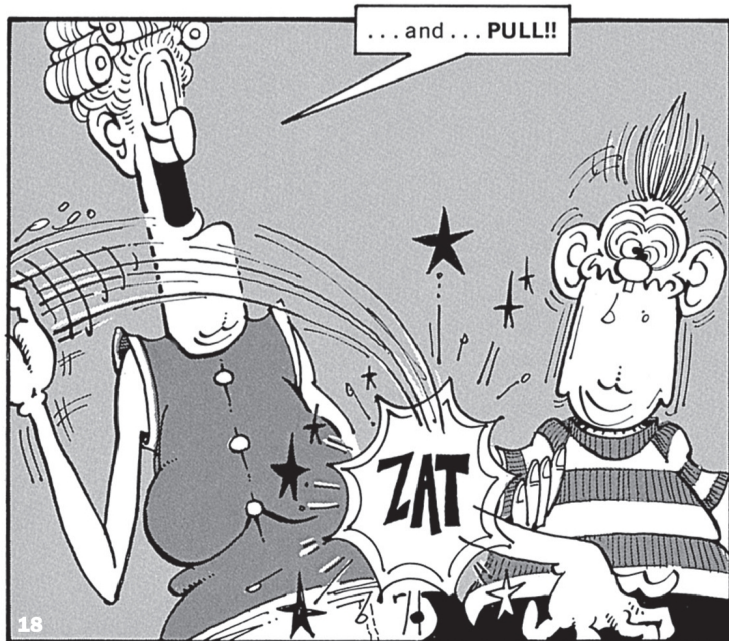
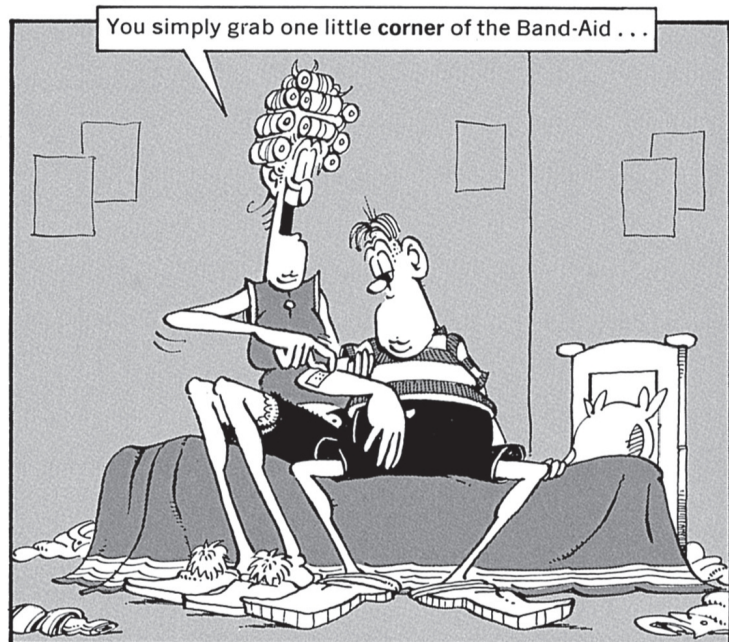


FAKING OUT TRAFFIC



ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL

WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #167, JUN 1974

CLASSICAL TYPE COMICS DEPT.: ONCE UPON AN EVENING DREARY, WHILE WE PONDERED WEAK AND WEARY IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, ON A COMIC STORY PLOT; WHILE WE NODDED NEARLY NAPPING, CAME AN ATTENDANT A-TAPPING, ON OUR HEAD SO GENTLY RAPPING, SPOKE "THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU'VE GOT"!...OOH WERE WE MAD! WE HOWLED! WE RAVED! AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT...

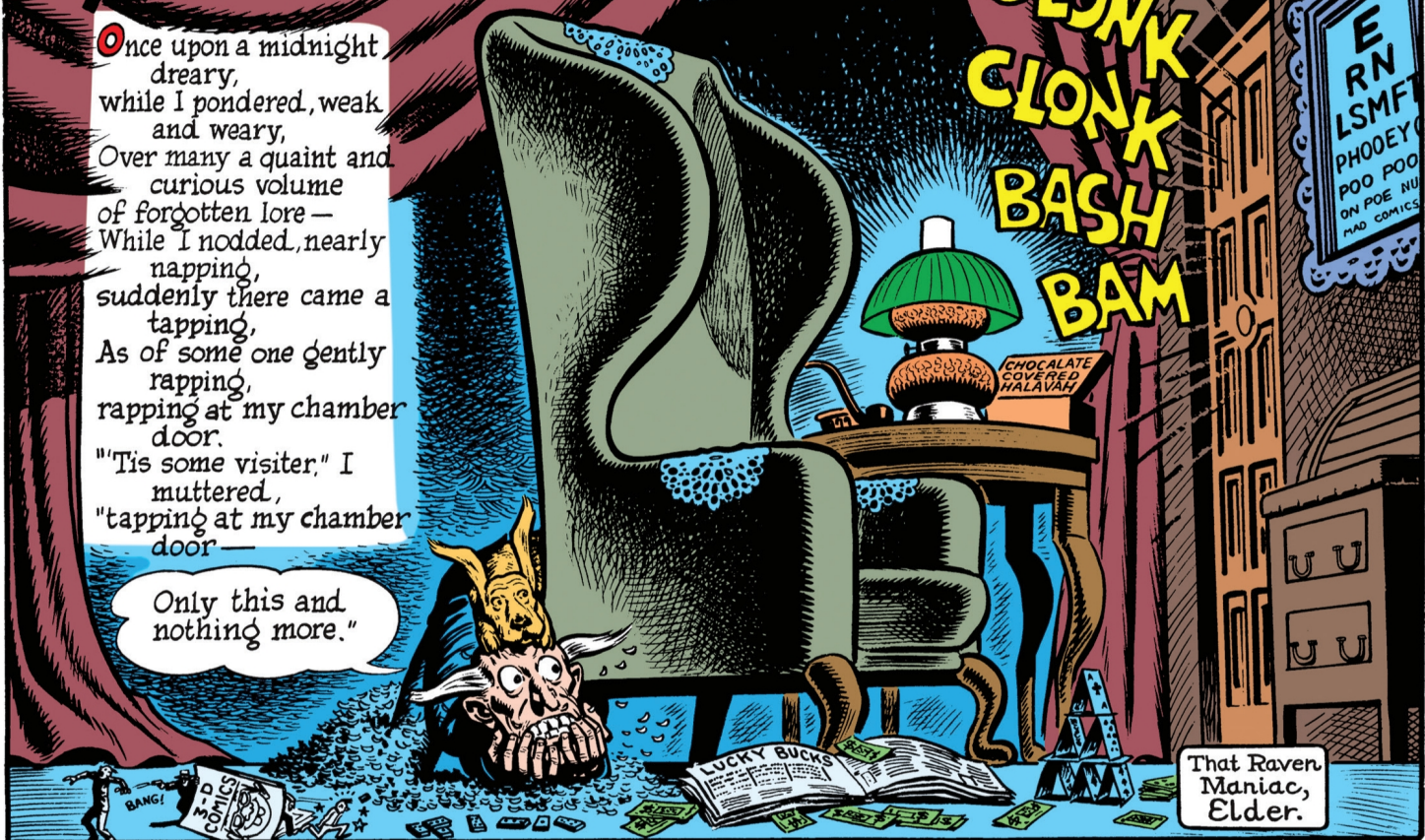
THE RAVEN

By EDGAR ALLAN POE TRY.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and
curious volume
of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly
napping,
suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently
rapping,
rapping at my chamber
door.
"Tis some visiter," I
muttered,
"tapping at my chamber
door —

Only this and
nothing more."

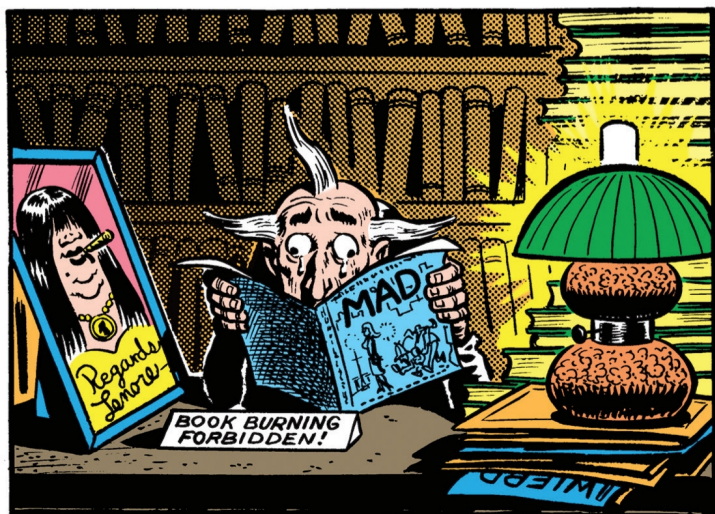
CLONK
CLONK
BASH
BAM



That Raven
Maniac,
Elder.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

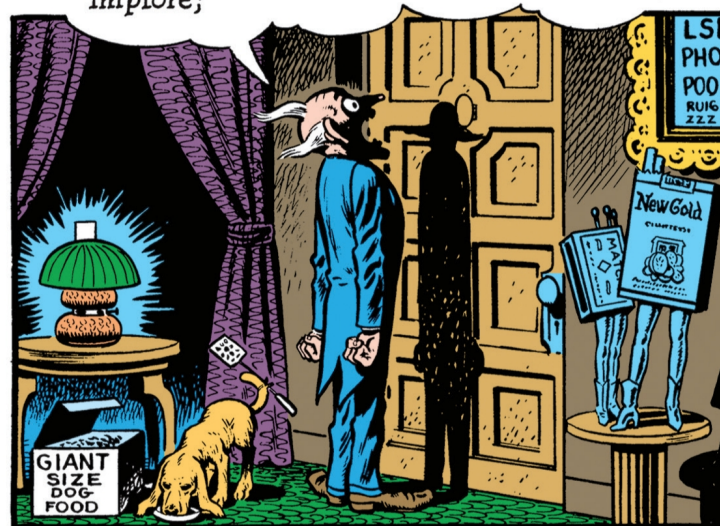
From my books surcease of sorrow-sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless **here** for evermore.



And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating



Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;



That I scarce was sure I heard you"— here I opened wide the door;—

Darkness there and nothing more.

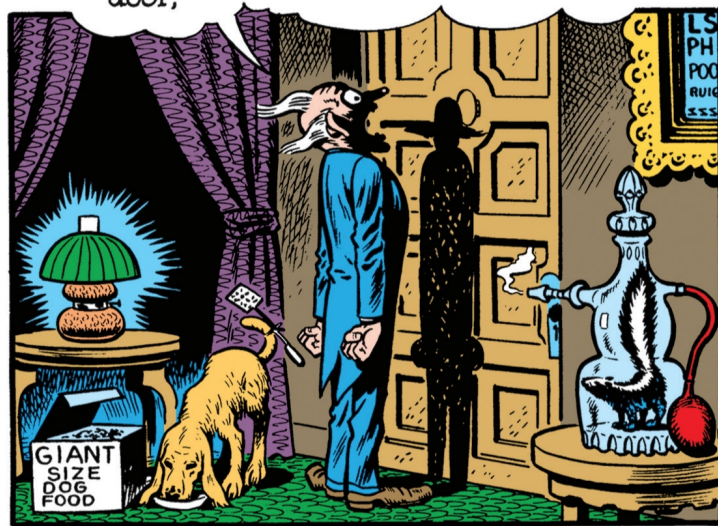


"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—

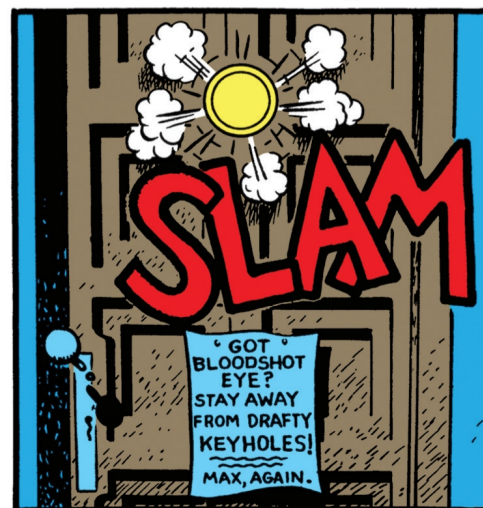
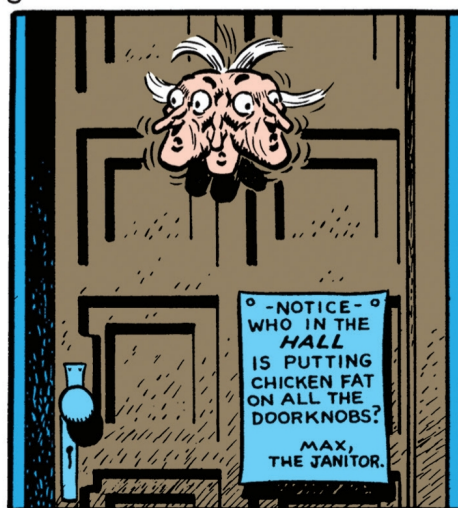
This it is and nothing more."



But the fact is I was napping and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,



Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,



And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?" This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this and nothing more.



Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

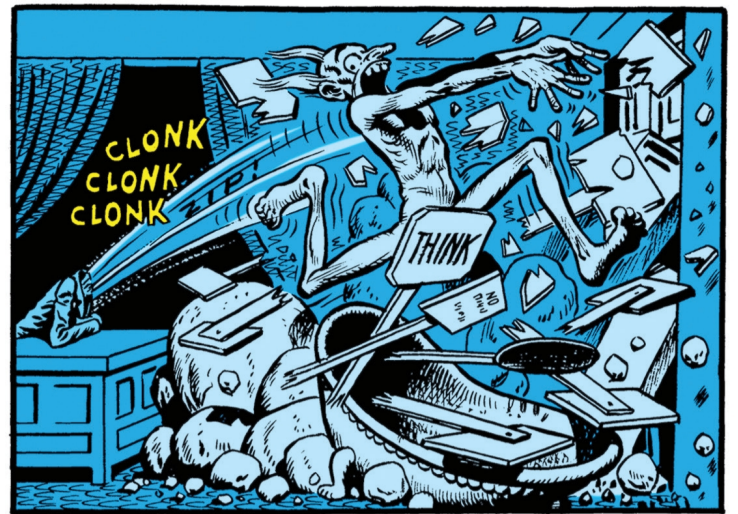


But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just **above** my chamber door —

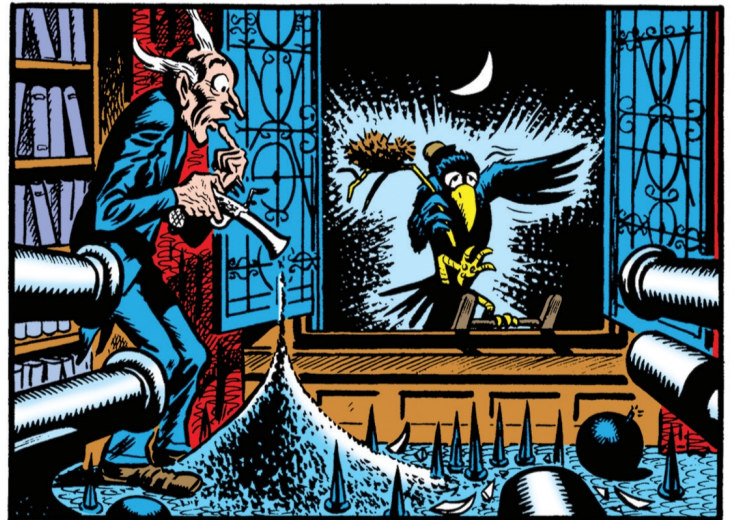
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.



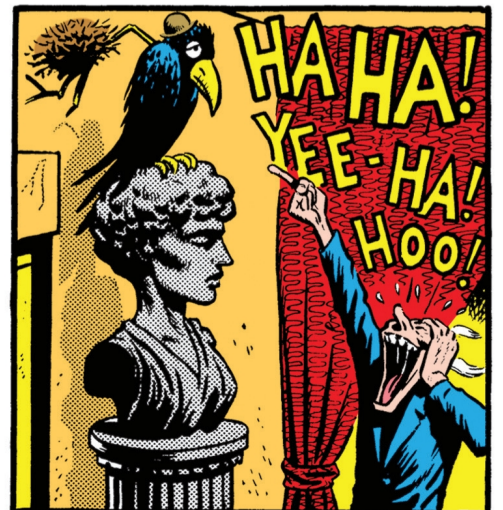
Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely, said I, "surely that is something at my window
lattice;



Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped
or stayed he;



Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,



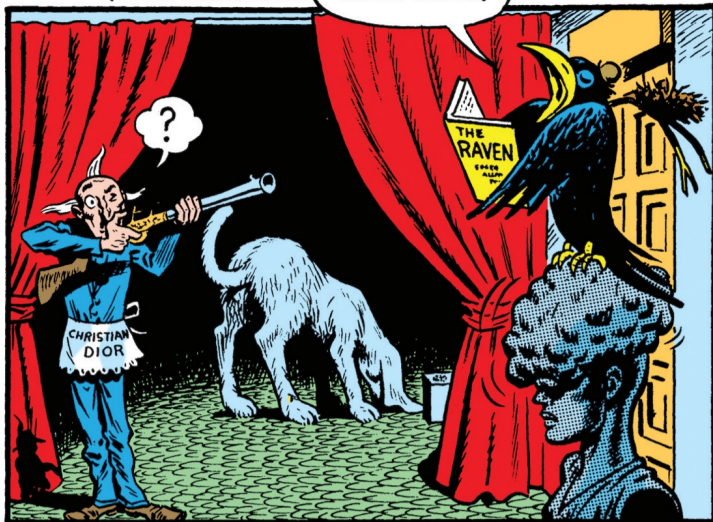
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore—



Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

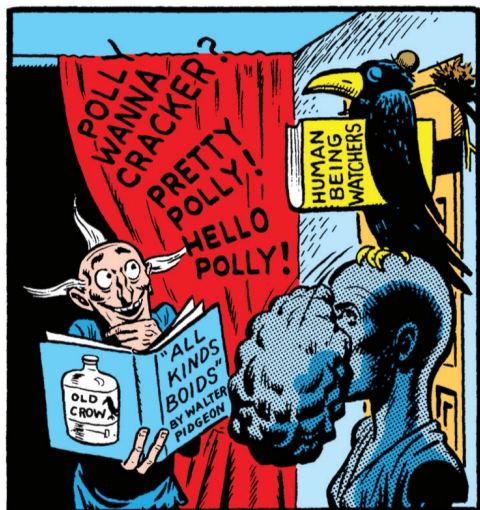
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

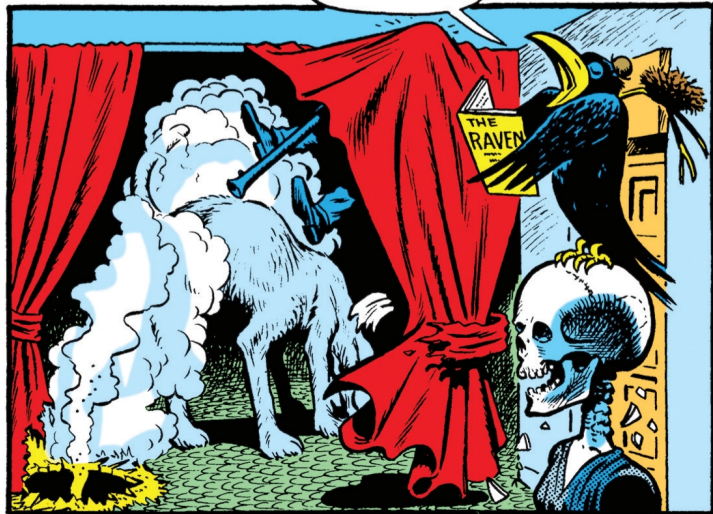
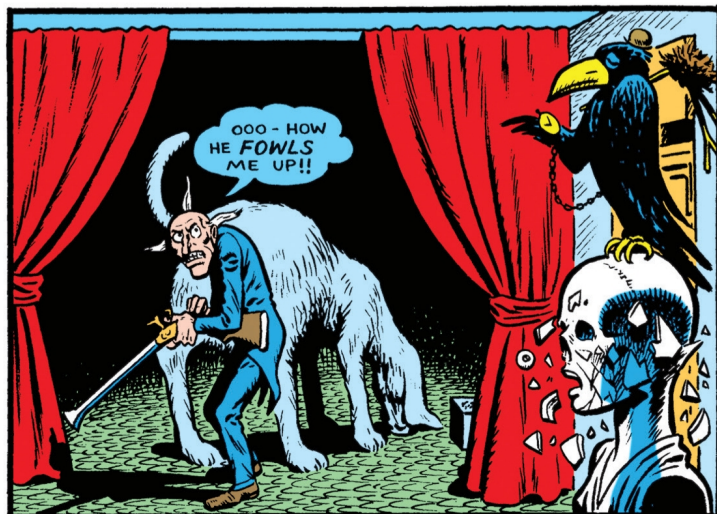
With such name as "Nevermore."



But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour:
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then
he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow **he** will leave me as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said ("Nevermore!")



Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
 and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

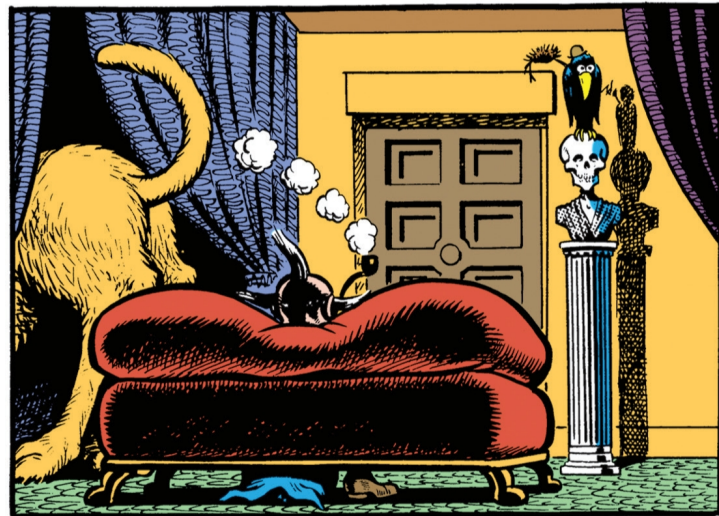
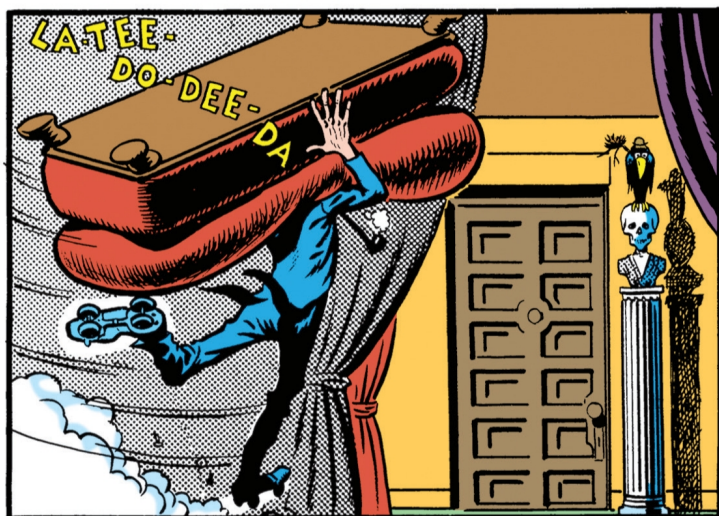
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore-
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore

Of 'Never - Nevermore!'"



But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into
 smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
 and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
 linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
 of yore —

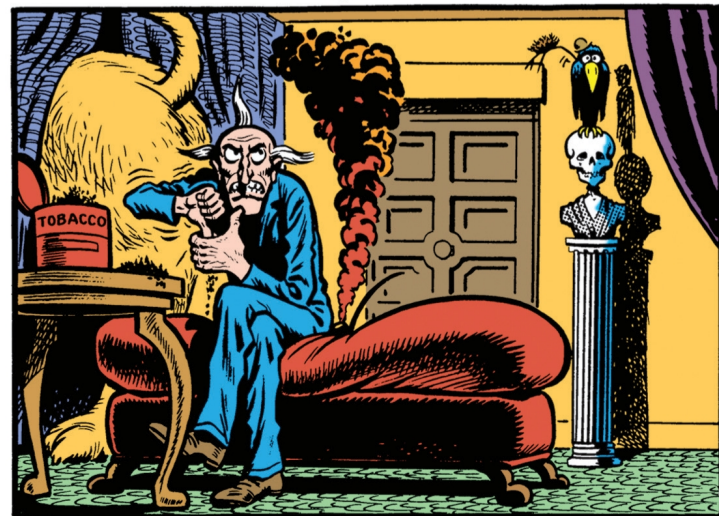
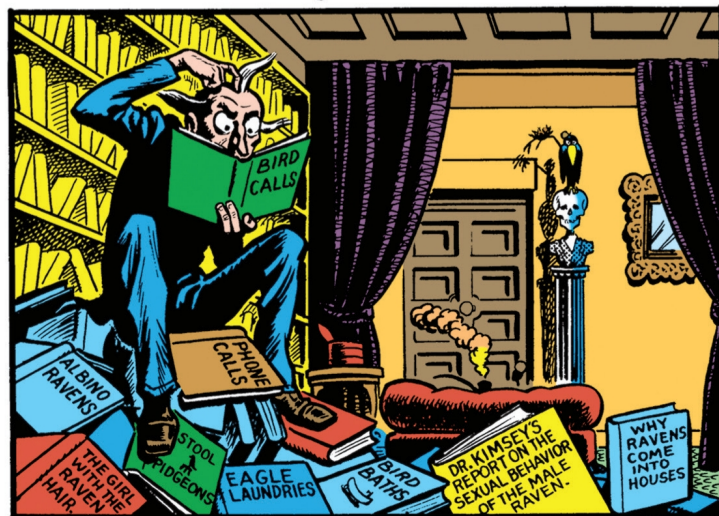


What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
 bird of yore

This I sat engaged in guessing but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
 core;

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining



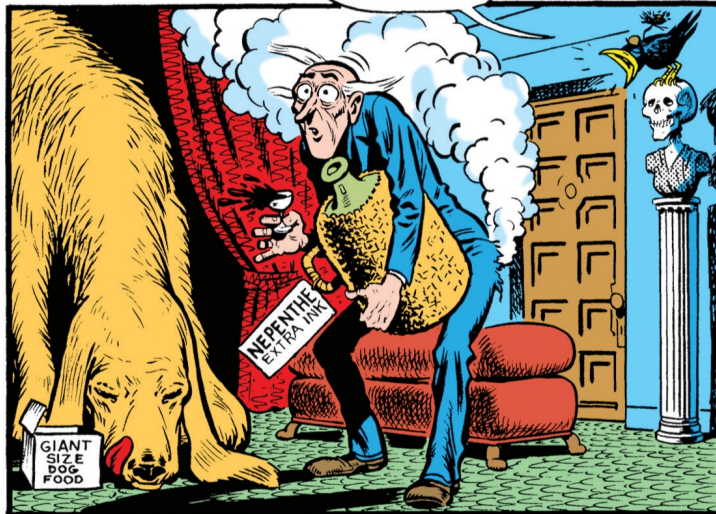
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!



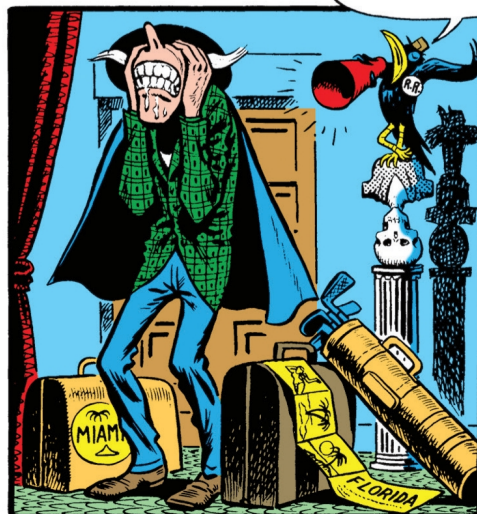
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—**is** there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")

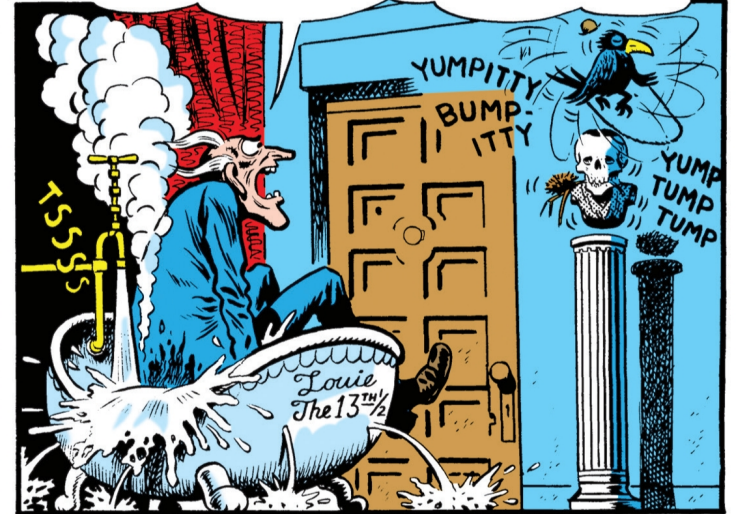


Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the **tufted floor**.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
he hath sent thee



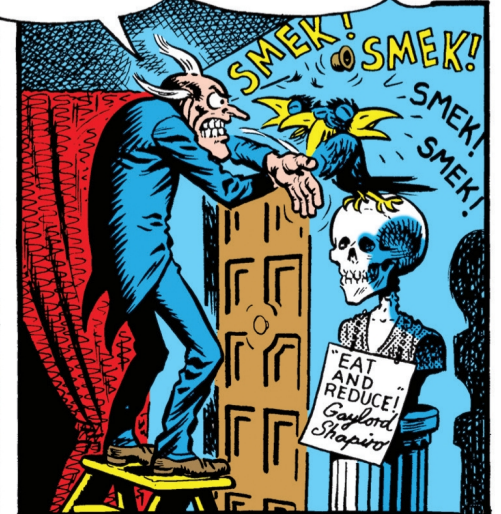
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—



"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

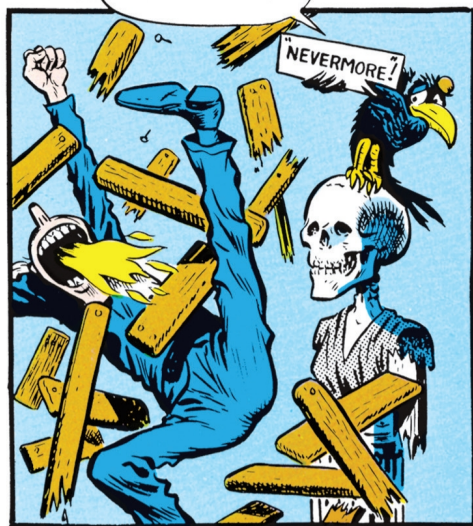
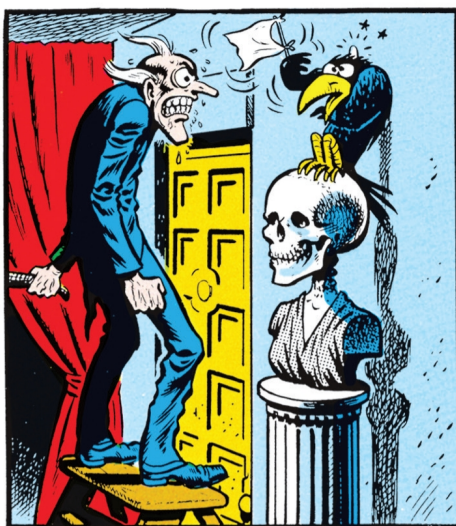
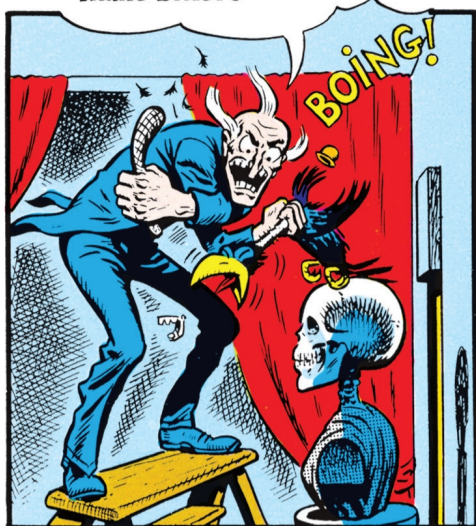
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore—



Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the
distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."

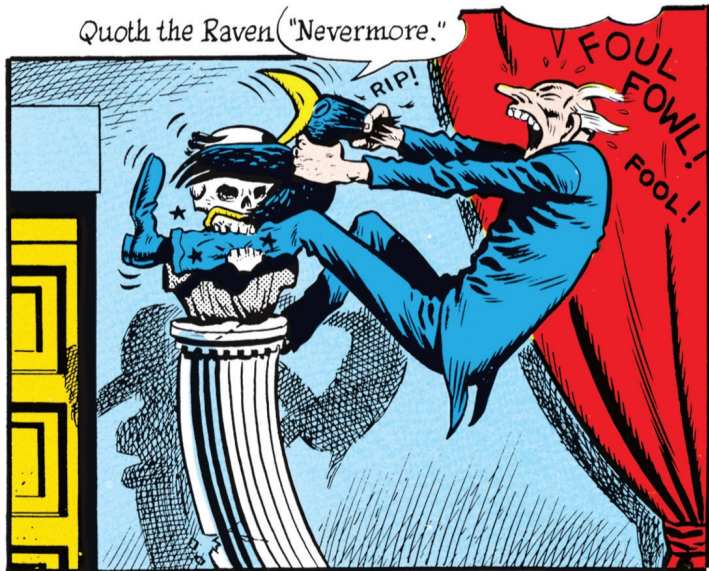
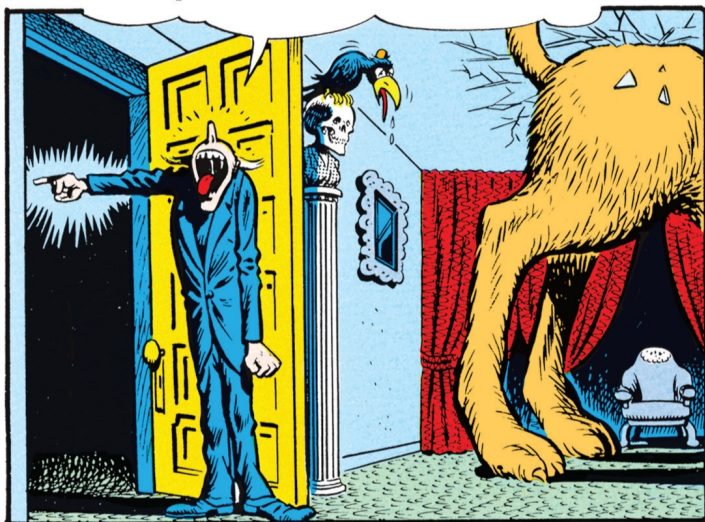
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!"

Leave my loneliness unbroken! — Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

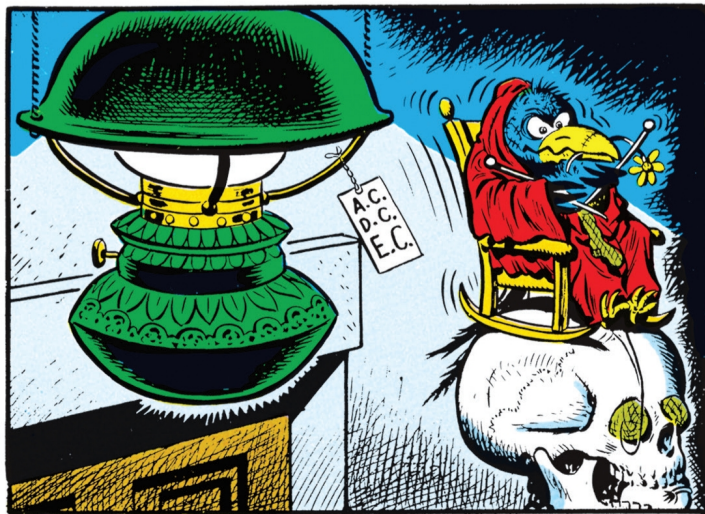
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



And the Raven, Never flitting, still is sitting, **still** is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

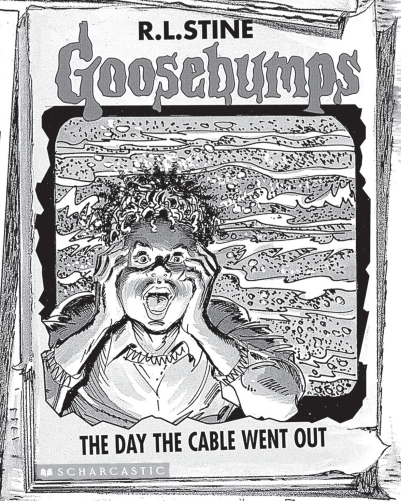
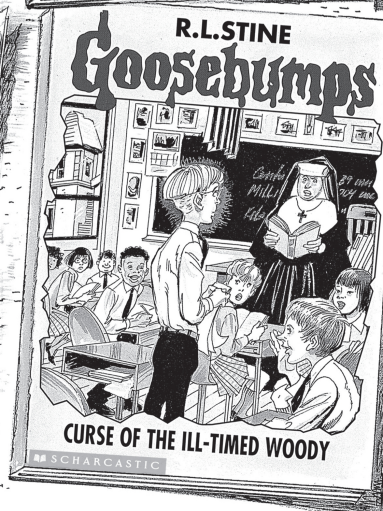
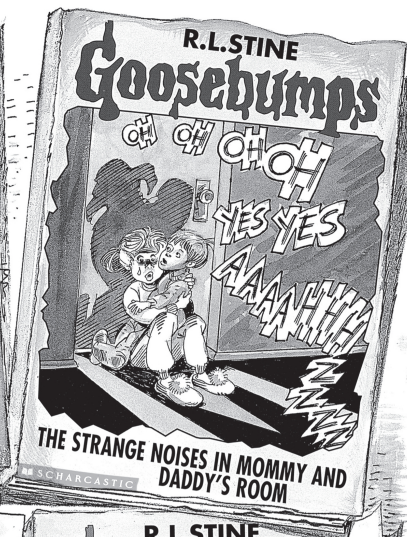
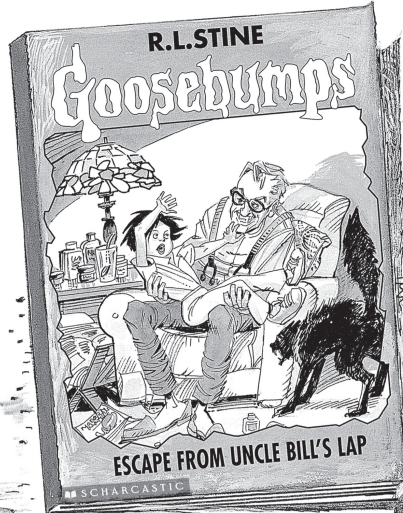
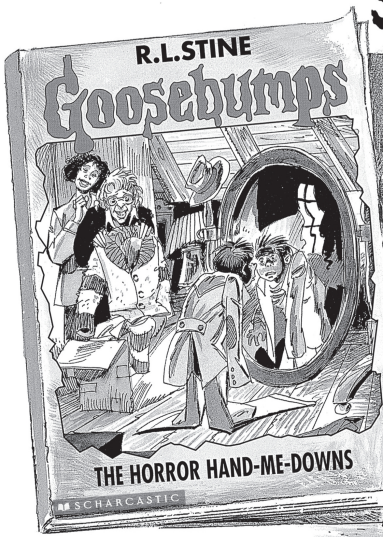
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

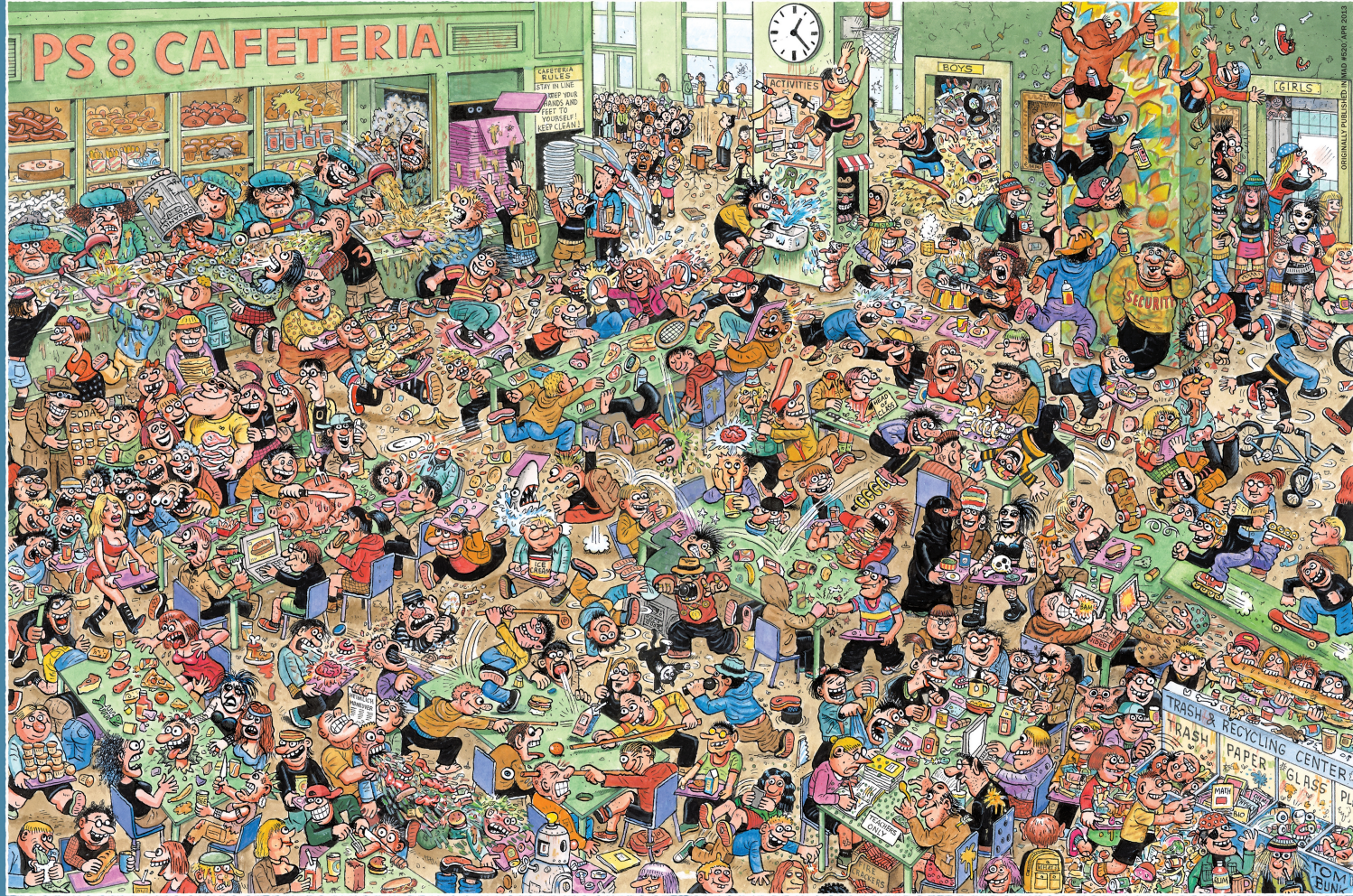


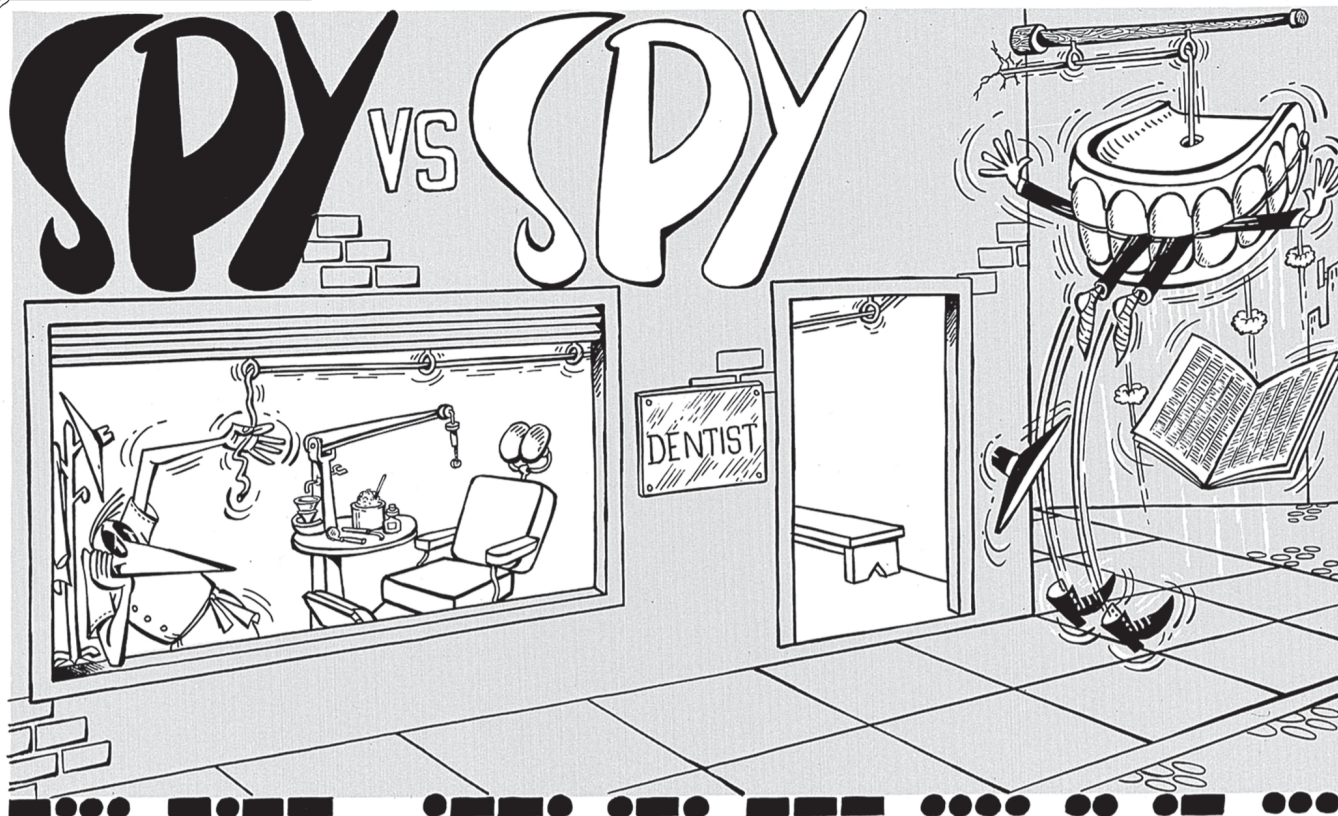
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #9, MAR 1954

R.L. Stine's series of Goosebumps books is supposed to scare kids with tales of werewolves and monsters. These things aren't very scary, however, when compared to a youngster's real life! Perhaps Mr. Stine should write some stories that are truly terrifying, like these...

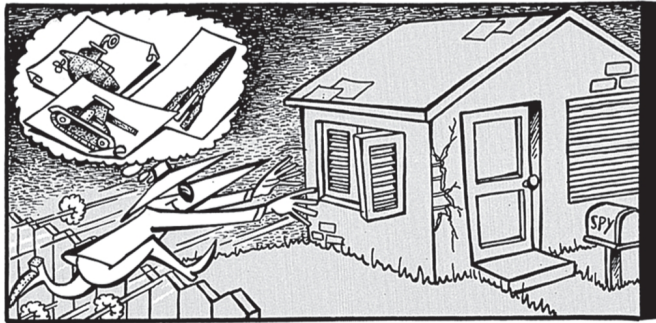
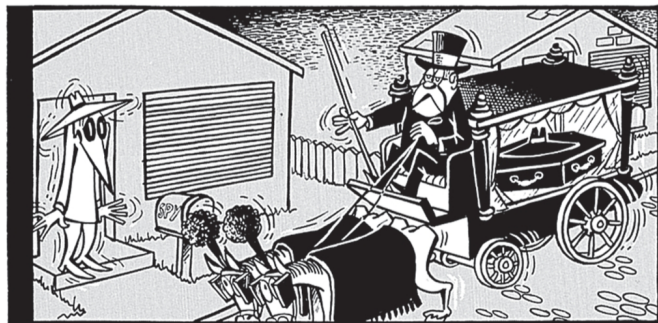
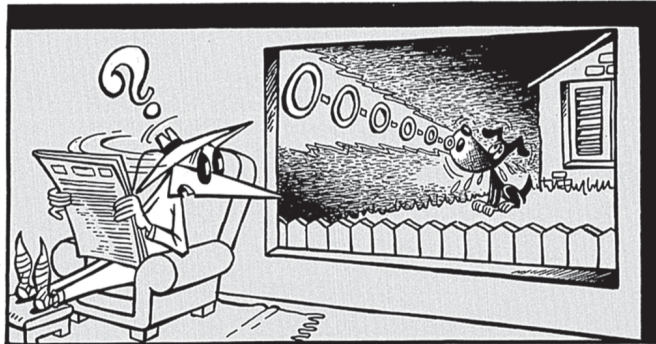
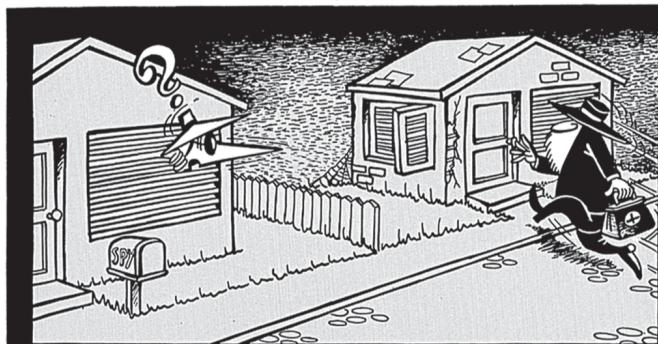
GOOSEBUMPS HORROR STORIES THAT WOULD REALLY SCARE KIDS







WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #102, APR 1966

Every year, Academy Awards are presented to the best actors and actresses in the Motion Picture Industry. But what about all the other industries where "acting" is important? Like for instance those real-life performances that take place every day in our schools! We think it's about time that the actors and actresses in our Educational System were given the recognition that is due them! Here we go with:

ACADEMY AWARDS FOR TEACHERS

WRITER **LOU SILVERSTONE** ARTIST **GEORGE WOODBRIDGE**

Welcome...to the fabulously plush "Teachers' Lounge" of the scandalously constructed **Alfred E. Neuman High School** ...where all of the greats and near-greats of Education are gathered to witness the "First Annual MAD Academy Awards For Teaching"!

Incidentally, the "Teachers' Lounge" is the favorite room of the faculty members of any typical High School! Here is where they can relax, light up a cigarette, puff a joint, down a drink or whatever! In other words, it's the only place in the school where the Teachers can enjoy the same privileges as the students!

Tonight, the winners in each category will receive this coveted gold statue, the "Edward," named after the Mayor of **The Big Apple**, who, in solving a recent financial crisis, put the Teaching Profession in its proper perspective! Mr. Koch, in his infinite wisdom, decided against laying off Sanitation Workers ...and instead, fired 1800 Teachers!!

Oh-oh! The house lights have dimmed, so let's get it on....!



The first category is for Best Performance in "CLASSROOM DISCIPLINE"! And the first nominee is **Alvin Spritz** for his stirring, "I'm An Adult! I Should Be Able To Cope With A Bunch Of Kids!"



The second nominee is **Ms. Marlene Mildew** for her fine rendition of, "I'll Send You To The Principal!"

How do you DO it, Spritz?!? What's your secret? Why, your kids are actually quiet! and they're WORKING!!

I'm a grown man with two degrees! So I certainly should be able to handle a bunch of KIDS! I used PSYCHOLOGY on them! I picked out the biggest, the meanest kid in the class, **Rocco Barbello**...

Don't tell me you beat him up?!?

Me?! Beat him up?! No way!! I paid him to keep the others in line! Anybody gives me trouble, they've got to deal with Rocco after school!

I've solved the discipline problem in my classes! If any of my students get out of line or give me a hard time, I threaten to send 'em down to the Principal!

You mean to tell me that actually SCARES the kids?

No but it terrorizes the Principal!

He doesn't want any of those monsters hanging out in his office, so he doesn't put any unruly kids in my classes!



And the winner is Mr. Matthew Frankfurter for his heart-rending interpretation of "It's A Jungle In There!"...

Congratulations, Mr. Frankfurter! Here's your "Edward"! I guess it's pretty rough dealing with High School kids these days!

What High School kids?! I teach **SECOND GRADE!**

I'm sorry, Sir! I refuse to teach in that animal house!! If—if I go back in there, I swear I'm gonna be **KILLED!!**

They're only children, Frankfurter! Didn't they teach you how to handle a few wild kids?!

I'm afraid not! At the college I went to, they didn't offer us courses in Kung Fu and Karate!!



The next category is for Best Performance in a "TEACHERS' STRIKE"! And the first nominee is Ms. Zelda Hornhonker for her magnificent portrayal of "Striking Is The American Way!"

The second nominee is Mr. Kenneth Klutz for his touching and convincing performance in "The Public Is Behind Us 100%!"



You **KNOW** that it's against the law for Teachers to strike! And besides, you're setting a bad example for your students!

Nonsense!! We're actually showing them how Americans have **ALWAYS** dealt with unfair and unjust working conditions... by resorting to their Constitutional right of peaceful protest!

Right on, Ms. Hornhonker! And when you're back at work, **WE'RE** gonna follow your example... and go out on strike against homework!

Listen... the public is **behind** this strike 100%!

Let's see! How do you feel about strikes by employees of an essential industry?

It's the **worst** thing that can happen!

In your opinion, then, the Teachers should **not** be on strike?!

Teachers?!? Are they bums striking? I thought you were talking about **Pro Football Players!!**



And the winner is Mrs. Mildred Schmerz for her, "We're Not In This For Any Personal Gain! We're Doing It For The Children!"

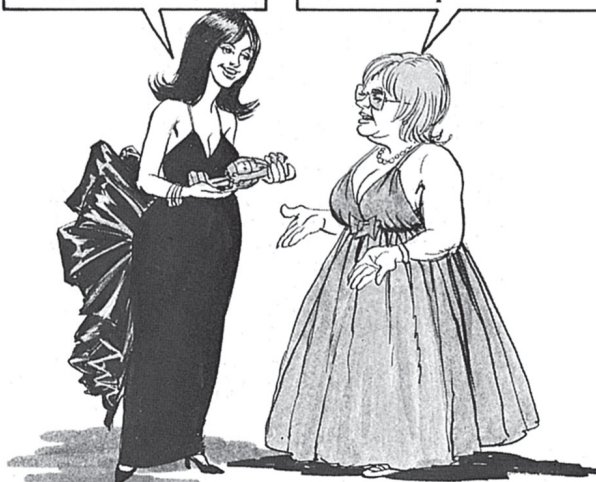
Congratulations, Mrs. Schmerz, not only for winning this "Edward", but for winning a pay increase with your controversial strike!

Big deal! They gave us a few dollars more... and then they increased the sizes of our classes from 25 to 35! The raise won't even keep us in the extra aspirin we'll need!

We're **not** doing this for **OURSELVES!** We're doing it because **adequately-paid Teachers** will mean that your children will get a decent education!

Hah! You people are **ALREADY** overpaid! Hell, you only work a six hour day!!

ONLY six hours?! Listen, Mister... when was the last time **YOU** spent a six hour day with **YOUR** rotten kid?!



The next category is "THE REWARDS OF A TEACHING CAREER," and the first nominee is Mr. Sidney Gromitz for his splendid performance of "One Of The Great Thrills Of A Teaching Career Is Seeing Your Students Graduate And Go Out And Take Their Place In The World!"



The second nominee is Mr. Rodney Alan Dinklehoff for his excellent portrayal of "Teachers Don't Get No Respect!"

I always get choked up at Graduation!

Just think! These young people we've taught are going out into the real world! I especially like this year!

What's so special about THIS year?

Since Reagan was elected, things are tough out there! Now these clowns can't step right into high-paying jobs ...and then laugh at all us slobs barely making a living on our Teachers' salaries!!



No wonder the kids don't pay attention to me! The JANITOR gets more money than I do! Even the guy who delivers the MILK makes more than me!!

Then why don't YOU get a job as a janitor or a milkman!??

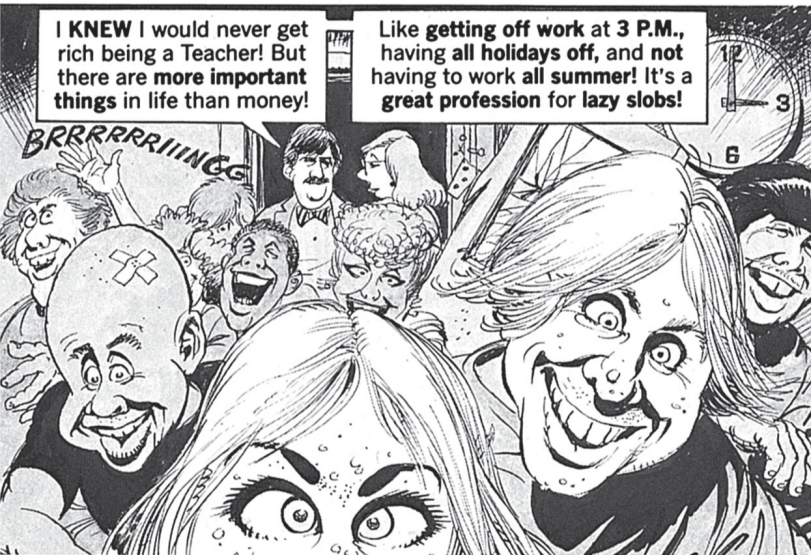
WHAT?!? And just THROW AWAY my six years of college?!



And the winner is Mr. Victor Brioche for his memorable performance in "I Didn't Go Into Teaching For Monetary Gain!"

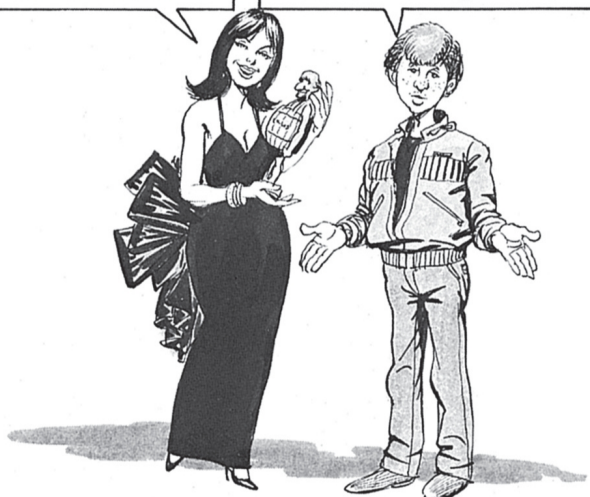
I KNEW I would never get rich being a Teacher! But there are more important things in life than money!

Like getting off work at 3 P.M., having all holidays off, and not having to work all summer! It's a great profession for lazy slobs!



Unfortunately, Mr. Brioche couldn't be with us! But here to accept his award is one of his students!

Mr. Brioche couldn't be with us because today is Friday—and he always takes his sick leave on Fridays! That way, he can have a long week-end!



The next category is for Best Performance in "EXTRA DUTY ASSIGNMENTS," and the first nominee is Mr. Carl Cravitz for his touching interpretation of "We Must Obey The Rules!"



The second nominee is Mr. Francis Fungold for his inspiring "The Power Of Prayer!"

You boys are supposed to be in Class...not wandering around the halls! And since I'm on Hall Duty, I'm going to have to send a note home to your parents, Dimwitty! Sorry, but that's one of the Principal's rules, not mine!

Hey, that's not fair!! Aren't you gonna send a note home to GRUBER's parents?!?

There's another rule that goes... "Never send a note home if the student is BIGGER than the Teacher!" Sorry, but that's not one of the Principal's rules...it's MINE!!



Pardon me, Fungold!! I didn't know you were into RELIGION!

Actually, I'm not! I just found out that I've been assigned as the Cafeteria Monitor all next week... and I'm sure gonna need all the help I can get!!

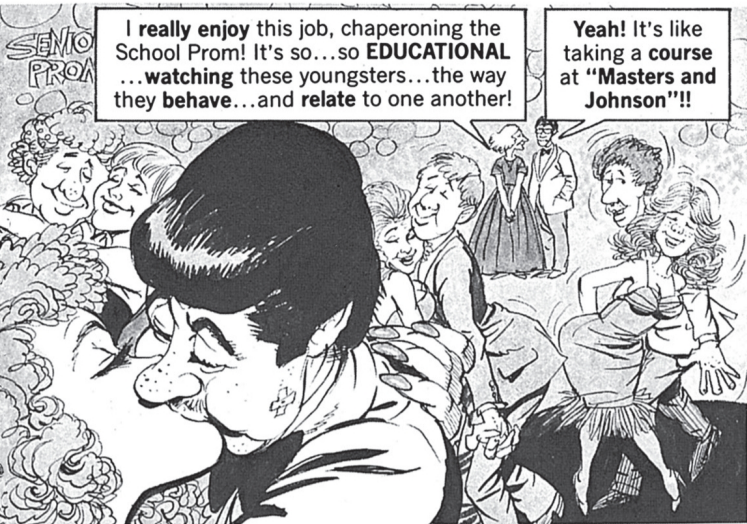
Mind if I JOIN you?!? I'm Faculty Rep at the Basketball Game!!



And the winner is Miss Hester Primm for her heartwarming "Being A Chaperon At The Prom Is A Learning Experience!"

I really enjoy this job, chaperoning the School Prom! It's so...so **EDUCATIONAL**...watching these youngsters...the way they behave...and relate to one another!

Yeah! It's like taking a course at "Masters and Johnson"!!



Congratulations, Miss Primm! I'll bet being Chaperon took you back to YOUR School Prom!

Are you kidding?! MY School Prom was never like THAT! Which is why I'm volunteering to be Chaperon again NEXT year! I can't WAIT!!



The last category is for Best Performance in "PASSING OR FAILING STUDENTS," and the first nominee is Mr. Al Mulcher for his "It's Not My Fault! They Shouldn't Be In My Class!"



The second nominee is Mr. Robert Blinders for his inspired interpretation of "Good Test Scores Depend On The Right Teacher!"

I don't believe these exam papers! Why, half these kids can't even read!! They don't belong in this grade!!

Then why don't you **FLUNK** them!?!

Are you **crazy**!?! If I flunk them, they'll be **LEFT BACK**...and I'll have them in my class again **NEXT** year!



How do you do it, Bob? Your class scored way above the national average!!

It's all in the technique I use when I give an exam! I have a **very special method**!

What **IS** it, Man?!? What's the secret you use for getting such high test scores?

It's **very simple**! I look the other way when they **CHEAT**!

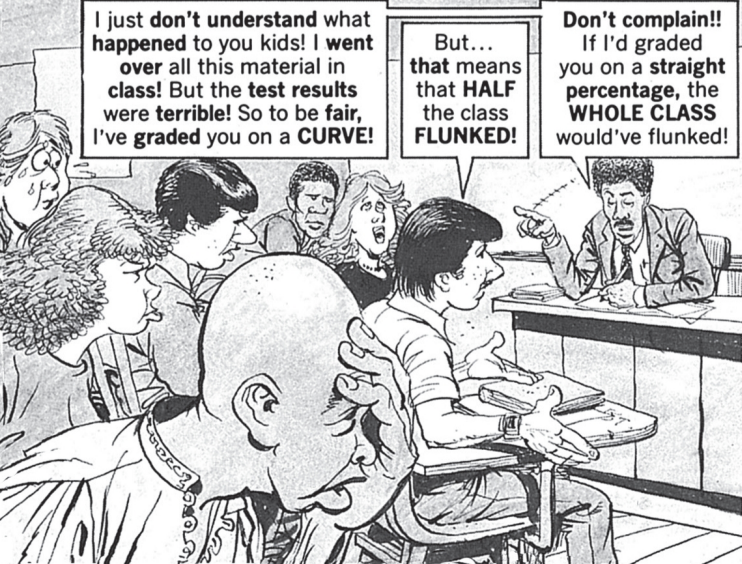


And the winner is Mr. Thomas Spittle for his outstanding work in "God Knows, I've Tried To Give You Kids A Break!"

I just don't understand what happened to you kids! I went over all this material in class! But the test results were terrible! So to be fair, I've graded you on a **CURVE**!

But... that means that **HALF** the class **FLUNKED**!

Don't complain!! If I'd graded you on a **straight percentage**, the **WHOLE CLASS** would've flunked!



Congratulations, Mr. Spittle... and I think it was **really nice** of you to grade on a **curve** and help half your class to pass!

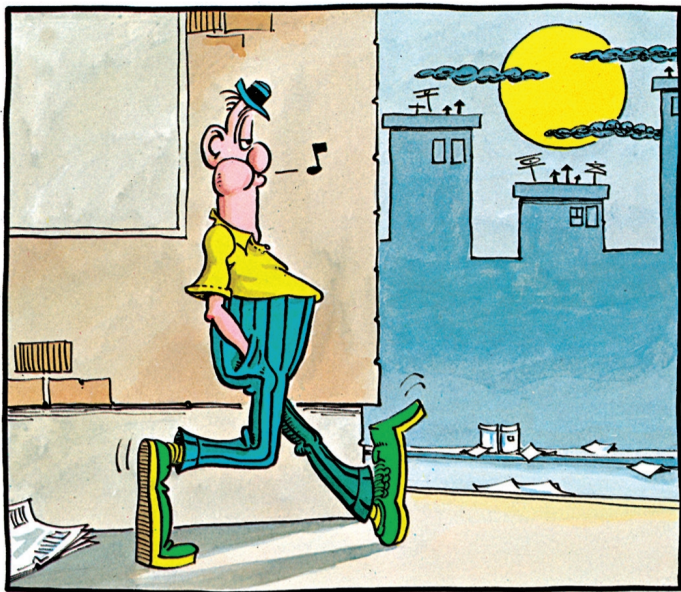
I didn't do it for them! I did it for **ME**! How would it look on my record if my **WHOLE CLASS** flunked an exam?

That's our Academy Awards Show! A wise man once said, "Those who can, **DO**! Those who can't, **TEACH**! And those who can't even **TEACH** become School Principals!" G'night!

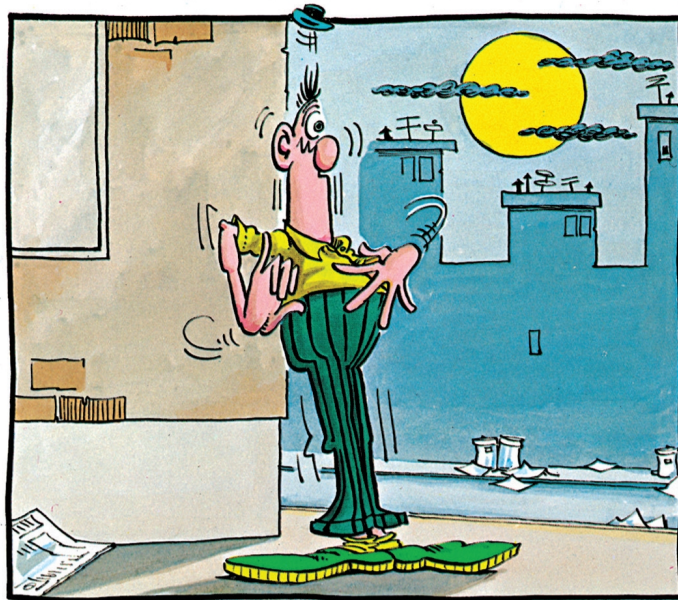




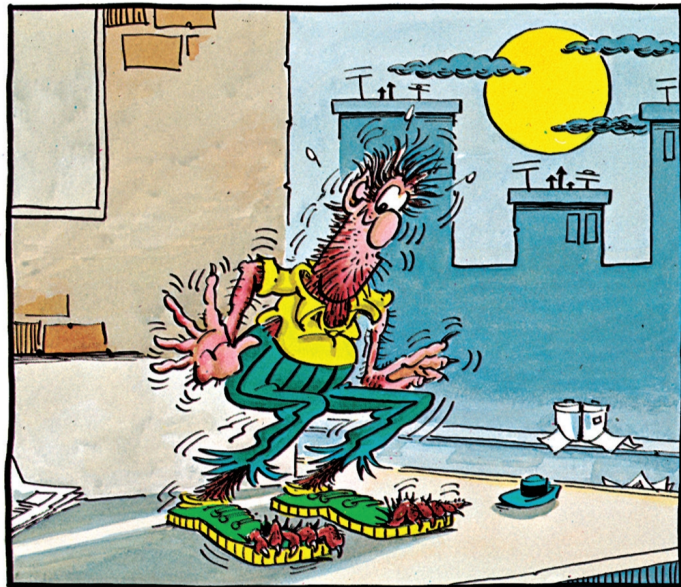
ONE MIDNIGHT IN WOLVERTON



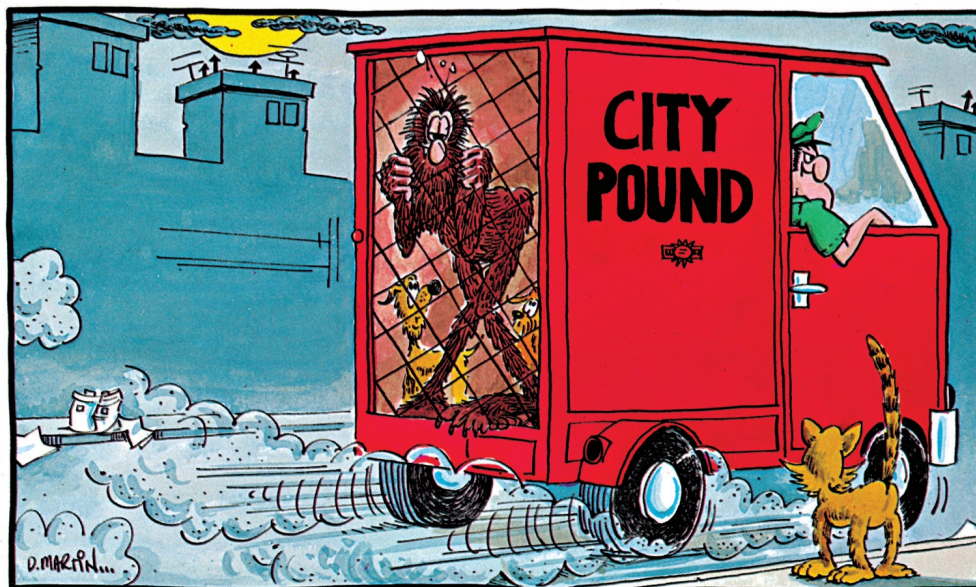
WRITER DUCK EDWING



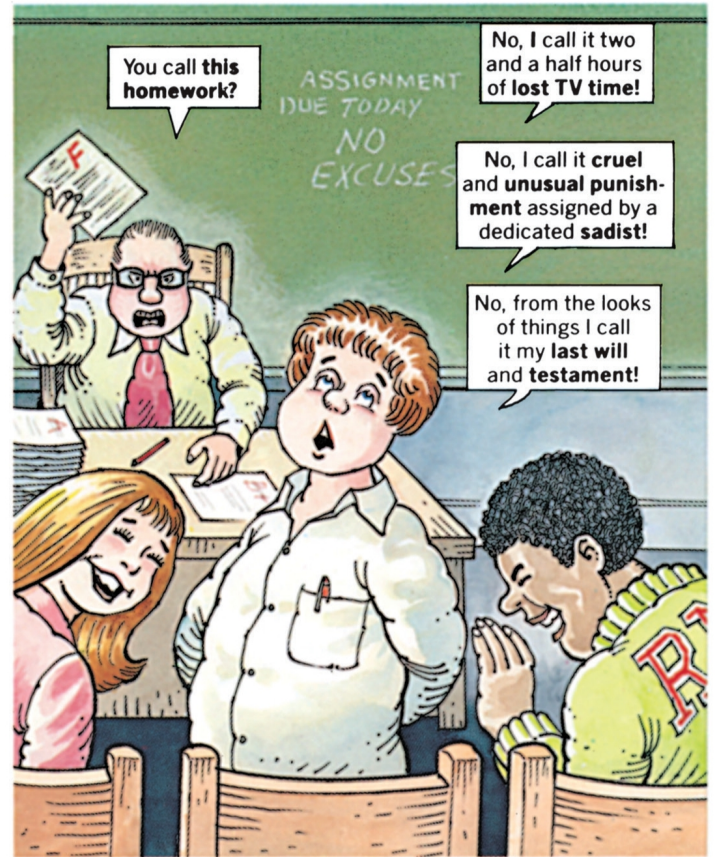
ARTIST DON MARTIN



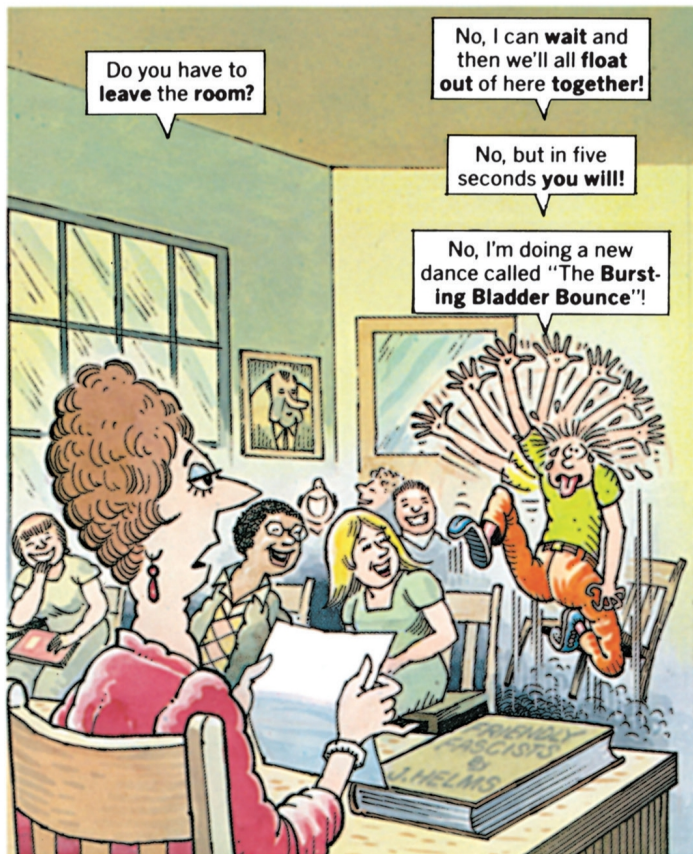
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #207, JUN 1979

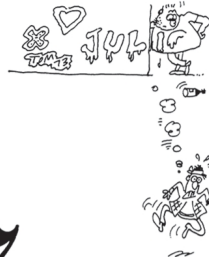


SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS AT HARRY KEISTER HIGH

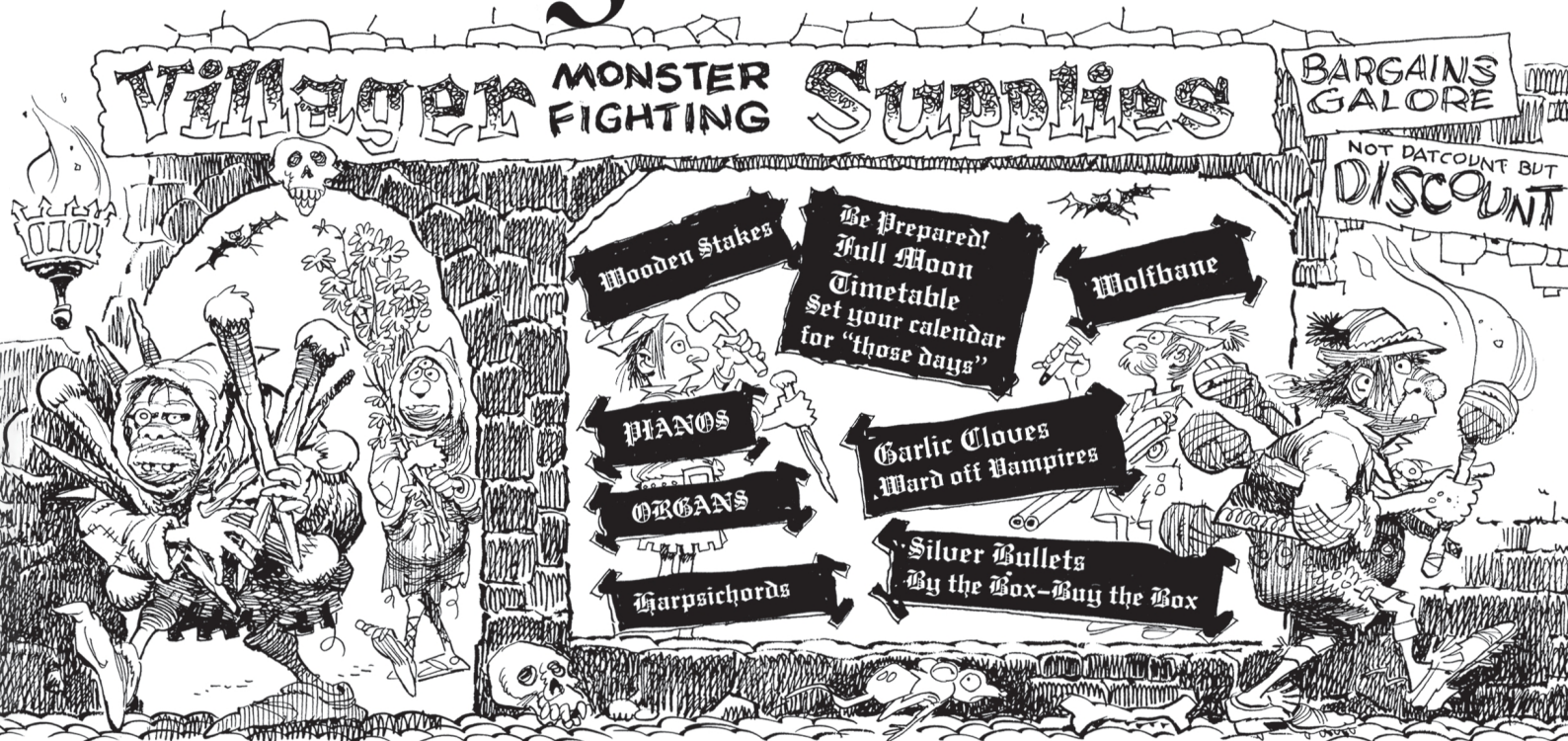


WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**



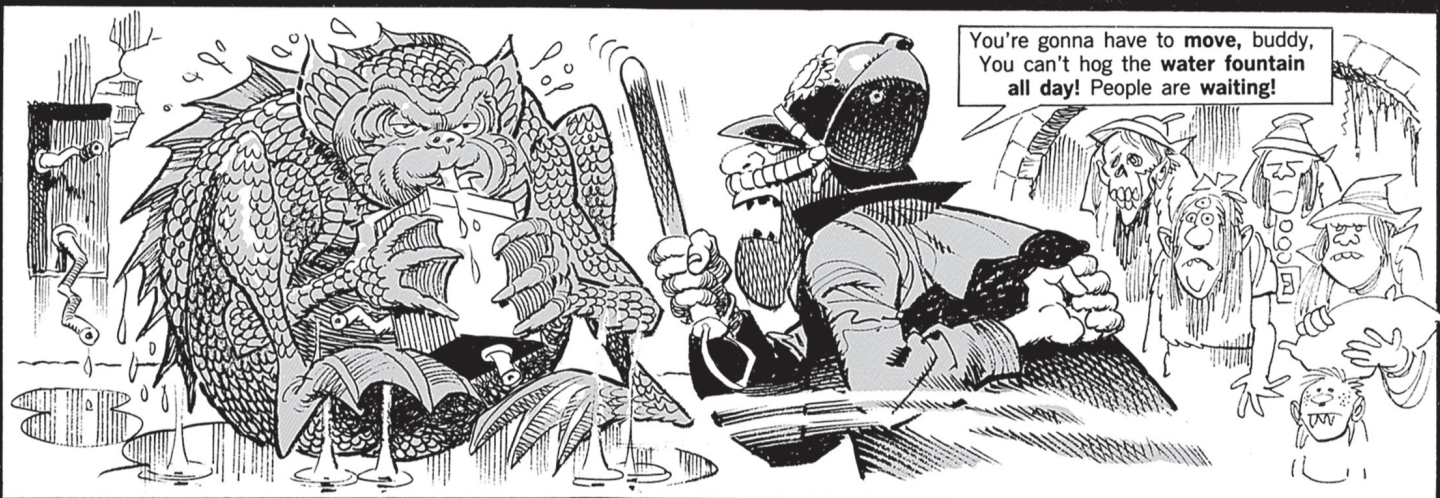


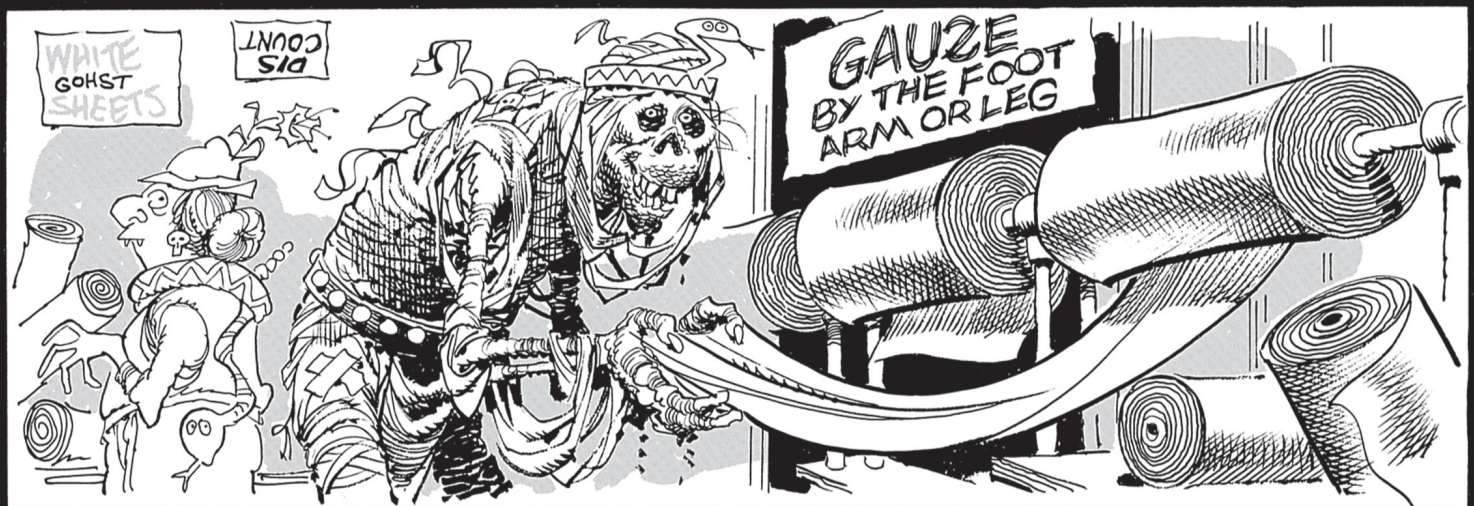
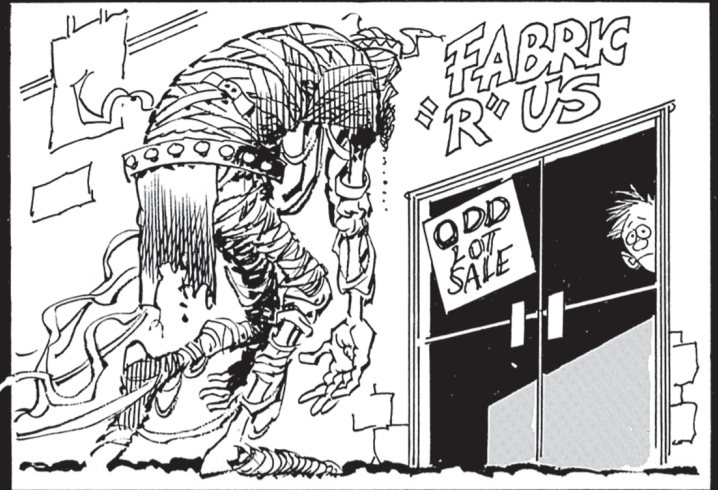
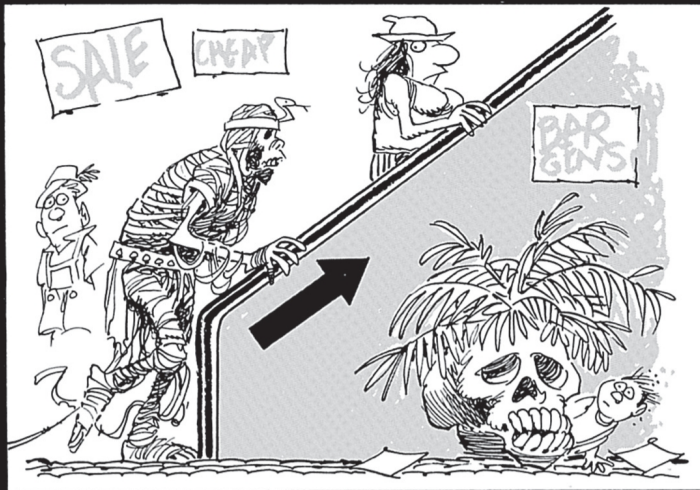
MAD PRESENTS Selected Scenes FROM THE Transylvania Mall



WRITER **DUCK EDWING** ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**







Brian Posehn is warning you to sharpen your coat hangers because Michael Myers and his creepy Shatner mask are back and ready to get stabby! Lots has changed since Michael first made us soil ourselves in 1978 (Jamie Lee Curtis now recommends Activia to help with that). Let's see how modern times might affect a movie about a giant weirdo chasing dumb teenagers in the...

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ORIGINAL HALLOWEEN & HALLOWEEN 2018

POLICE RESPONSE



1978



2018



FREEZE!

WRITER BRIAN POSEHN ARTIST GIDEON KENDALL

BULLIES



1978



2018



STRANGER DANGER! TAKE THAT BULLY!

TOAST



1978



2018



HOORAY!

JUMP SCARES

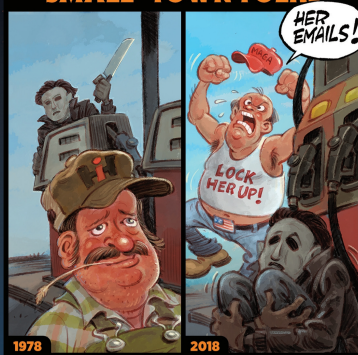


1978



2018

SMALL-TOWN FOLKS



1978



2018

PHONES



1978

CERTAIN SMOKABLE SUBSTANCES

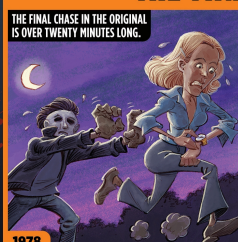


1978



2018

THE FINAL CHASE



1978



2018

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #46, DEC 2018

A few years back MAD noted how Hollywood was scraping the bottom of the barrel trying to dig up new and scarier monsters for their horror pictures—monsters like *The Fly*, *The Blob*, *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, and *Nick Adams*. We the suggested that Hollywood take a good at the monsters created by Madison Avenue for their inspiration. Now we add more fool to the fire by suggesting these...

NEW MOVIE MONSTERS FROM EVERYDAY LIFE



WHAT INDESCRIBABLE HORRORS LURKED IN THE BOX THAT MADE STRONG MEN TREMBLE, WOMEN FAINT AND CHILDREN SCREAM?

YOU'LL SHRIEK IN TERROR
YOU'LL SHUDDER WITH NAUSEA
YOU'LL GASP IN SURPRISE

at the bills at the junk mail at a real letter

THINGS IN THE MAILBOX

STARRING TOM POSTAGE, FRED ASTAMP, MARTY MAILER, RIP TORN
and introducing OCCUPANT as "The Victim!"

BEWARE!

LOCK THE DOORS! DRAW THE BLINDS! TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!

The Neighbors Are Coming!

SEE THEM
produce snapshots by the hundreds!

HEAR THEM
talk and talk for hours about nothing!

WATCH THEM
eat every drop of food in sight!

AS THEY STAY AND STAY AND STAY!

THEY CAME FROM DOWN THE BLOCK

IT WAS A DAY OF INCREDIBLE HORROR!

FIRST, THE TV SET BLEW!

THEN, THE CAR WOULDN'T START!

THEN, THE AIR-CONDITIONER STOPPED!

THEN—THE STOVE, THE REFRIGERATOR, THE TELEPHONE, THE WASHING MACHINE, THE DISH WASHER, EVEN THE COFFEE MAKER SUDDENLY WENT ON THE BLINK! THEY WERE FORCED TO LIVE, A SAVAGE EXISTENCE... CUT OFF FROM CIVILIZATION BY

THE REVOLT OF THE MACHINES

A Reddy Kilowatt Production

THE WIND CARRIED IT!	THE SUN GERMINATED IT!	THE RAIN NURTURED IT!	THE BLOCK COMPLAINED ABOUT IT!
----------------------	------------------------	-----------------------	--------------------------------

THEY DUG— THEY PULLED— THEY SPRAYED— THEY FOUGHT IT WITH THEIR BARE HANDS! NOTHING COULD STOP IT!

THE INVASION OF THE CRABGRASS

With: LAWN CHANEY BACALL, LAWN LAWN, MASON SCPIA, TERRY MOWER

WRITER E. NELSON BRIDEWELL
ARTIST JOE ORLANDO

THE SIGNAL SAID

WALK

-BUT DID THEY DARE?!

TERRORIZED PEDESTRIANS

TRYING TO CROSS THE STREET

TRAPPED FOREVER

BY

HALF-CRAZED MOTORISTS

ON THE

TRAFFIC ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN

With **MITZI GREEN** **RED BUTTONS** **CLINT WALKER** **ERNIE FORD** **MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE** **LENA HORNE**

and featuring "The CADILLACS"—singing "Old Volks at Home"



LOOK OUT! HERE COME THE AMATEURS!
Watch in fascinating horror as they

MURDER SHAKESPEARE MUTILATE IBSEN DESTROY SHAW



The BUTCHERS of the LITTLE THEATER



FULLER B. LONEY
as "The Director"
who improved on
"Aeschylus"



RAVEN RANT
as "The Leading
Lady" whose method
was madness



NOAH MOTION
as "The Leading
Man"—a square
in the round

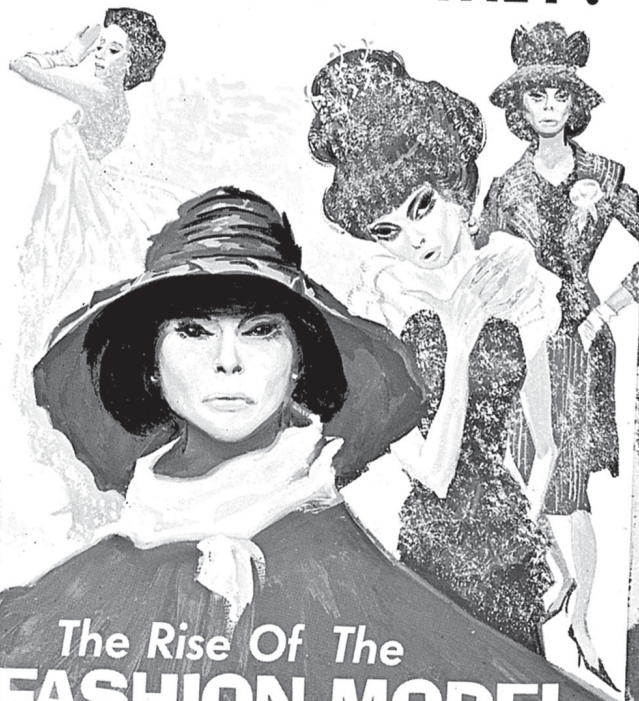
A plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams.
—William Shakespeare (HAMLET Act. 2, Sc. 2)

PARIS DESIGNERS
HIRED THEM!

FASHION MAGAZINES
PHOTOGRAPHED THEM!

The Gaunt, Corpse-like Creatures with Gruesome Make-Up
and Abominable Hairdos, wearing Grotesque Costumes!

WHAT WERE THEY?



The Rise Of The FASHION-MODEL ZOMBIES

STARRING

KAY DAVVER **SKELLY TONN** **HITTY YUSS** **VERA THIN**
DELLA KITT **LOTTA BONES** **LYKA MANN**

WITH
NOAH PEEL



Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING STUDENTS

THE DEADLY
DECIBEL MEDAL



For the performance of homework under extraordinary conditions, such as the TV, stereo tape player and FM radio blasting at full volume, thus preparing for noise pollution of daily life.

THE PERENNIAL
STUDENT AWARD



For the brilliant use of every device available to students, such as scholarships, loans, grants, etc., to stay in school forever . . . thus relieving pressure on the already-crowded job market.

THE CHAPTER XI
CITATION

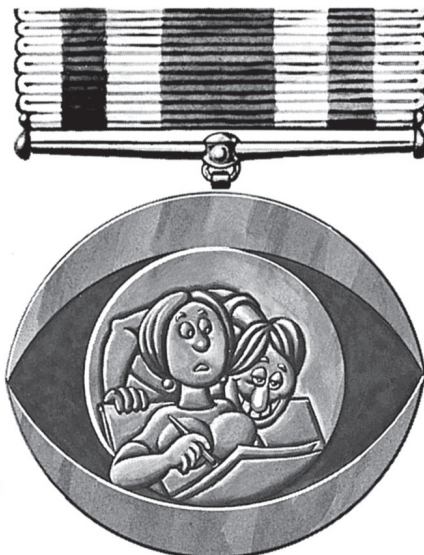


For heroically declaring bankruptcy so student loans need not be repaid, thus depriving the U.S. Government of money that might be otherwise spent on things like neutron bombs and welfare cheats.

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**



THE SILVER
XEROX AWARD

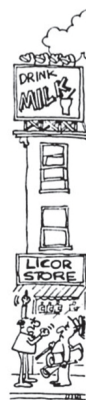


For outstanding achievement in copying during exams from only the best fellow students so that only fantastic marks are brought home to make parents proud.

THE BLEEDING
HEART MEDAL



Awarded to all students who actively participate in protest demonstrations on campus while at the same time, never taking out precious time to vote.



Update the horror classics of the '20s, '30s, and '40s and what do you get?...A horror that will never be a classic in any year! Not even when you bring in a guy who fearlessly battles monsters and special effects. No one can save this film, not even...

VAN HEL STINK

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

Well, Dr. Jerk-III, I see you're a changed man! So tell me, Mr. Snide, what kind of powerful potion did you swallow to change so drastically?

Something brand new. It's called CGI! It can make you as big and as bad as you like!

You've made quite a switch! Instead of turning into Mr. Snide, it looks like you've turned into a hideous cross between The Incredible Hulk and Bill O'Reilly!

Victory Frankenfurter, I must have my monster!

My monster is my life's work! I won't give him up!

I need him to help me give birth to my babies!

Give birth to your babies? You can't! Transylvania still doesn't recognize same sex marriages! Try moving to Massachusetts!

Look at those three creatures! If those are Dreckula's brides, we're in big trouble!

It could be worse! They could be Charlie's Angels here to make another dreadful sequel!

What's that terrible commotion coming from under the ground? Is it rumblings from the Gates of Hell?

Naw, it's the sound of classic horror movie actors Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Lon Chaney Jr. spinning in their graves!

My brother and I are the only two remaining members of the Hilarious family. We've spent over 400 years trying to kill Dreckula!

Well...not really! For one reason or another we put off doing anything about him for the first 398 years. But for the last 5, we've been on him pretty good!

Now I'm more determined than ever to rid the earth of his evil!

Anyone can tell you mean business, dear sister! Your leather boots are higher than ever, your leather outfit is tighter than ever and your new leather whip hits harder than ever! Damn, I wish you weren't my sister! I'm getting turned on!

Burn him!

Destroy him!

Yes, we must kill Victory Frankenfurter!

Kill Frankenfurter? You're in the wrong mob! This is the mob that wants to kill Stephen Sommers, the guy who wrote and directed this mess!

If you won't give me your monster, Dr. Frankenfurter, I'll just kill you and steal him!

E-Gads, help!

Glady! I'll beat you with this rod while Dreckula sucks your blood!

No — help ME, not Dreckula!

Sorry, but Dreckula promised me that if I went to work for him, he'd never outsource my job to a hunchback in India!

WE WERE SCAREDER THAN THIS!

PARIS - NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

This was a good choice of cathedrals to pick for a fight, Mr. Snide! So few churches have these long ropes for us to swing on! And even fewer have 600-year-old stained glass windows to crash through!

Yes, but we never should have grabbed a rope during rush hour!

You're right! There's so much traffic up here, it's hard to try to kill each other effectively!

ROME - ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL. THE PART WHERE THEY MAKE THE HIGH TECH WEAPONS.

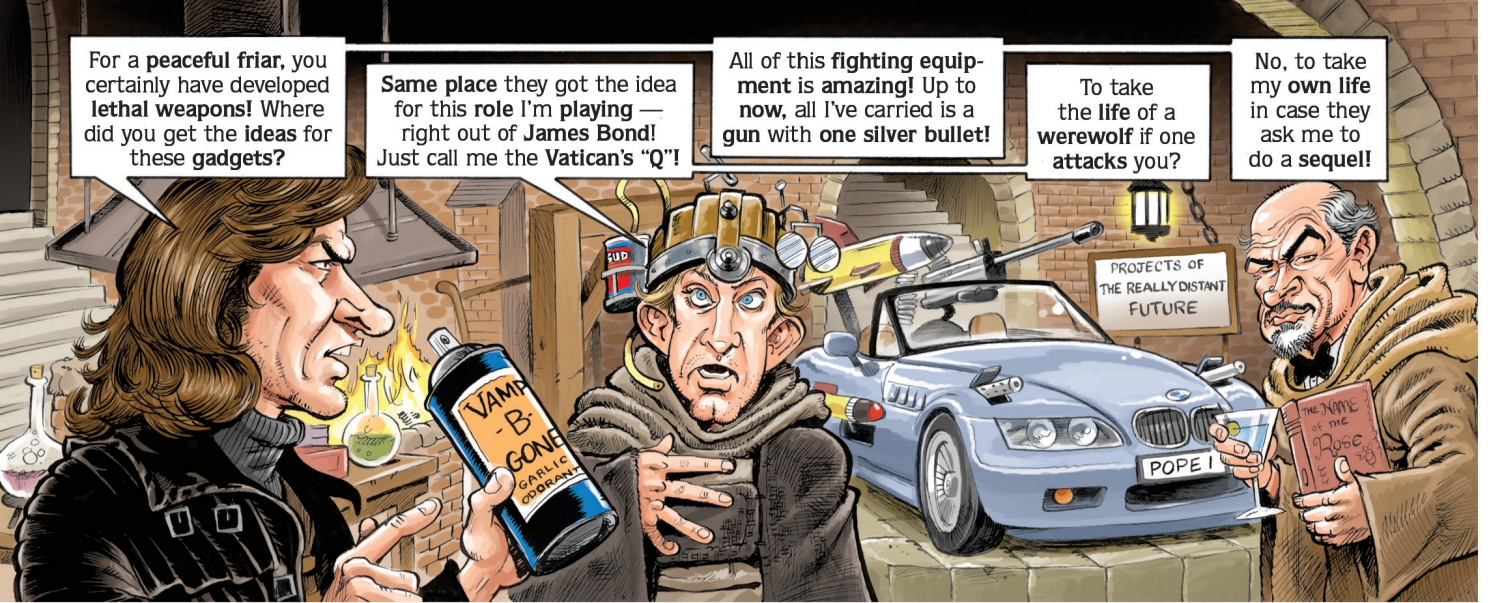
Here at St. Peter's Cathedral & Munitions Factory, we're developing some of the most sophisticated weapons of mass destruction of vampires known to man! This is one of my latest inventions. It's a clove of garlic, a tube of holy water, a silver stake and a crucifix, all built into a single pocket knife. I know it's kind of big and unwieldy, but it is state-of-the-art, considering the year!

And what's this orb?

It's a light source, equal to the intensity of the sun. I call it a Flash bulb, but I need to wait for the camera to be invented before I market it!

How do you know which panel of this satire to read first? It's totaling confusing!

I know! It's just like the movie, isn't it!



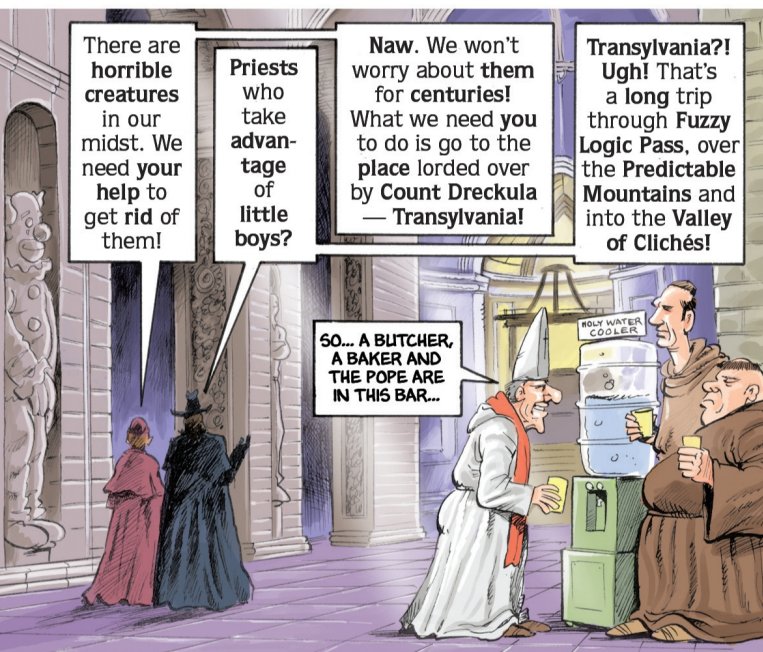
For a peaceful friar, you certainly have developed lethal weapons! Where did you get the ideas for these gadgets?

Same place they got the idea for this role I'm playing — right out of James Bond! Just call me the Vatican's "Q"!

All of this fighting equipment is amazing! Up to now, all I've carried is a gun with one silver bullet!

To take the life of a werewolf if one attacks you?

No, to take my own life in case they ask me to do a sequel!



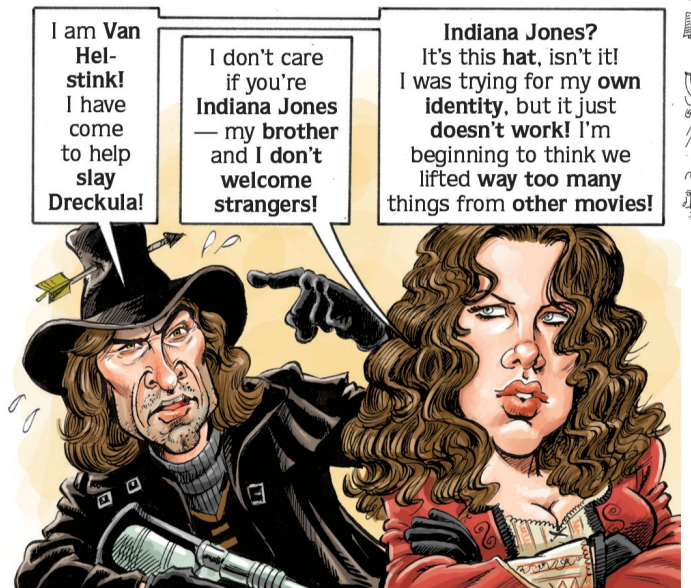
There are horrible creatures in our midst. We need your help to get rid of them!

Priests who take advantage of little boys?

Naw. We won't worry about them for centuries! What we need you to do is go to the place lorded over by Count Dreckula — Transylvania!

Transylvania?! Ugh! That's a long trip through Fuzzy Logic Pass, over the Predictable Mountains and into the Valley of Clichés!

SO... A BUTCHER, A BAKER AND THE POPE ARE IN THIS BAR...



I am Van Hel-stink! I have come to help slay Dreckula!

I don't care if you're Indiana Jones — my brother and I don't welcome strangers!

Indiana Jones? It's this hat, isn't it! I was trying for my own identity, but it just doesn't work! I'm beginning to think we lifted way too many things from other movies!

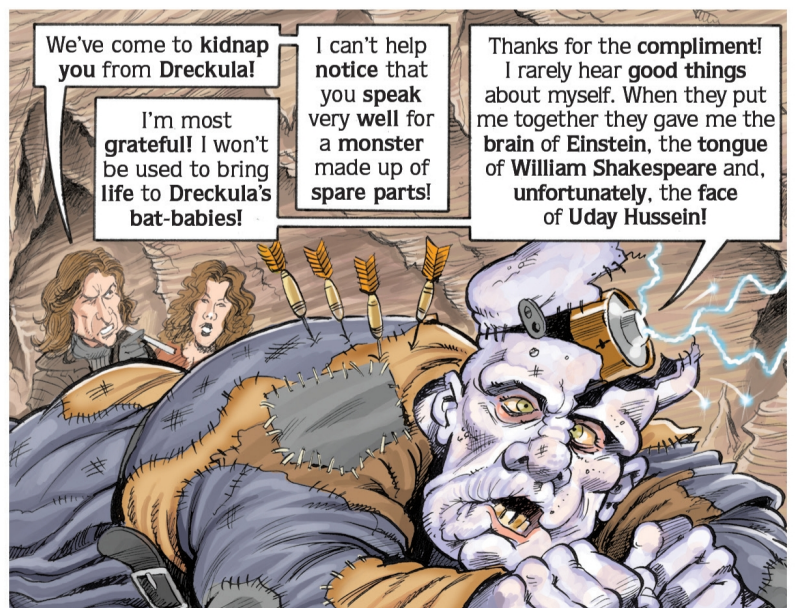


Just follow any mob with torches and you'll usually find Franken-furter's monster!

Burn him! Destroy him!

Kill Franken-furter's monster!

Sorry! You're *still* in the wrong mob. This is the mob that wants to kill the jerk that wrote the loud, overbearing score for this movie!



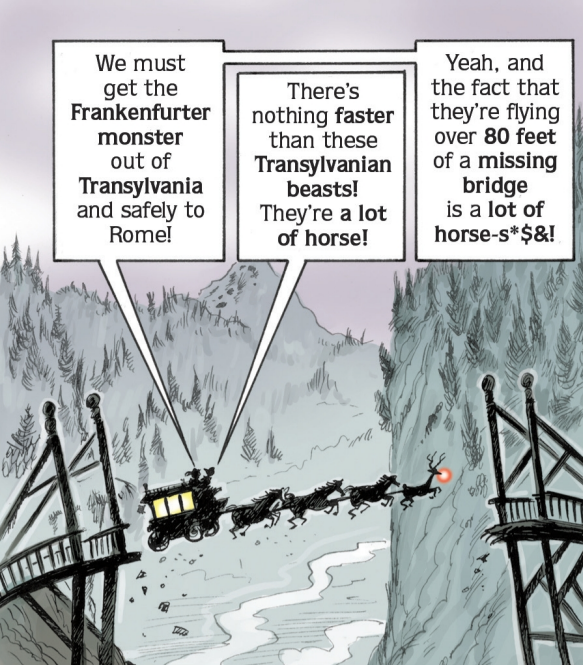
We've come to kidnap you from Dreckula!

I'm most grateful! I won't be used to bring life to Dreckula's bat-babies!

I can't help notice that you speak very well for a monster made up of spare parts!

Thanks for the compliment! I rarely hear good things about myself. When they put me together they gave me the brain of Einstein, the tongue of William Shakespeare and, unfortunately, the face of Uday Hussein!

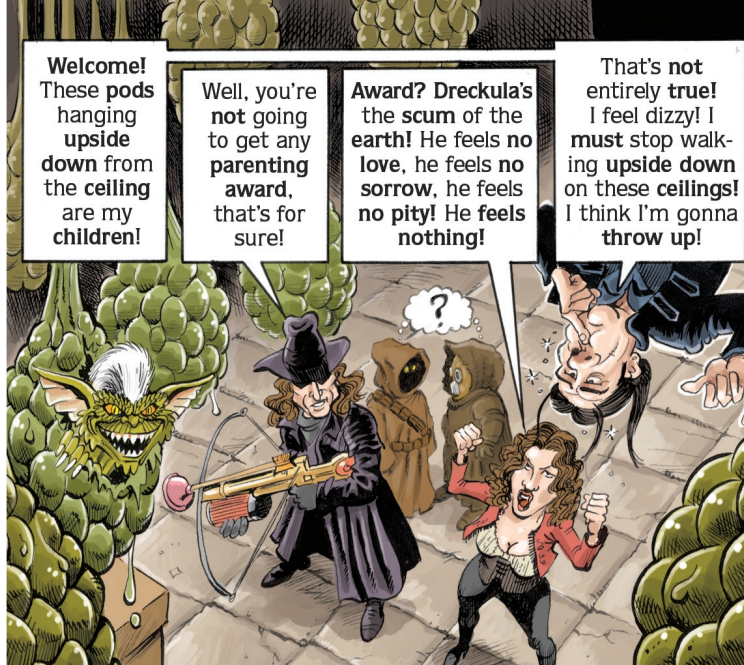




We must get the Frankenfurter monster out of Transylvania and safely to Rome!

There's nothing faster than these Transylvanian beasts! They're a lot of horse!

Yeah, and the fact that they're flying over 80 feet of a missing bridge is a lot of horse-s*\$&!



Welcome! These pods hanging upside down from the ceiling are my children!

Well, you're not going to get any parenting award, that's for sure!

Award? Dreckula's the scum of the earth! He feels no love, he feels no sorrow, he feels no pity! He feels nothing!

That's not entirely true! I feel dizzy! I must stop walking upside down on these ceilings! I think I'm gonna throw up!



I think you mean throw down!

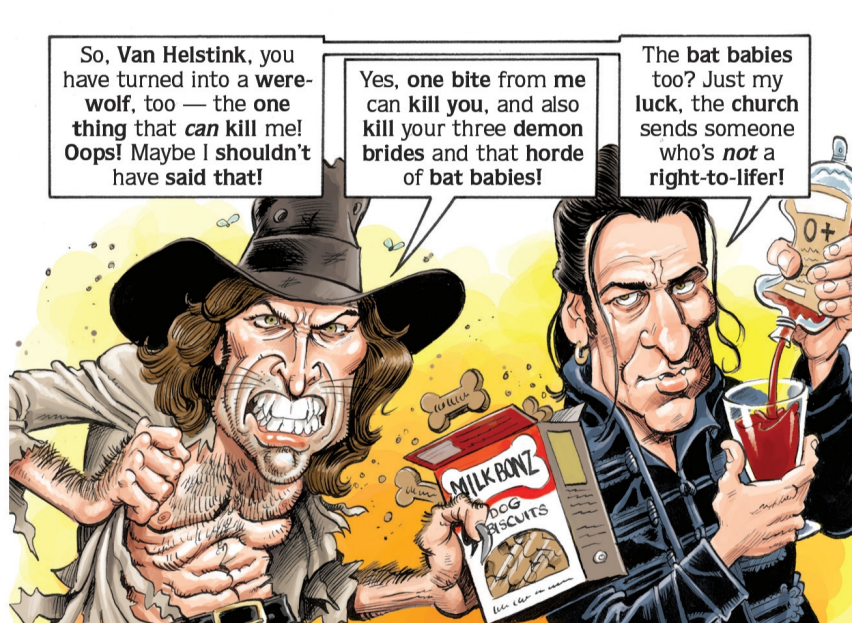


Onya! That's your brother! He was bitten by a werewolf! He ripped his skin off to reveal long, grizzly hair, and then he grew fangs! But not to worry! Dreckula has a cure for this!

Positive! I saw him demonstrate it on a special Transylvanian edition of *Extreme Makeovers*!

Are you sure?

WOOF!



So, Van Helstink, you have turned into a werewolf, too — the one thing that *can* kill me! Oops! Maybe I shouldn't have said that!

Yes, one bite from me can kill you, and also kill your three demon brides and that horde of bat babies!

The bat babies too? Just my luck, the church sends someone who's *not* a right-to-lifer!

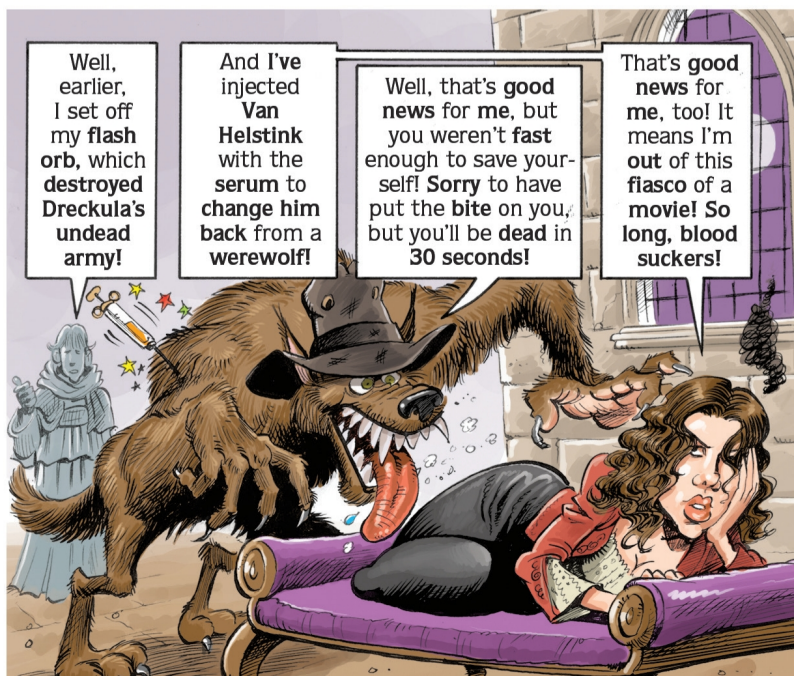


So, I've been bitten, too! I didn't want to turn into a werewolf! I want to turn back into Wolverine instead! My last decent movie role!

That only happens if you're bitten by Stan Lee! But you'll die if you don't get the cure by 12 a.m. after the full moon on the second day of the month, or, to put it another way, in a minute!

In that case, we'd better wrap up loose plot lines real fast!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #445, SEP 2004



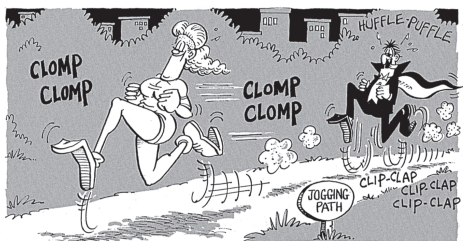
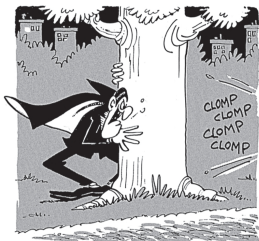
Well, earlier, I set off my flash orb, which destroyed Dreckula's undead army!

And I've injected Van Helstink with the serum to change him back from a werewolf!

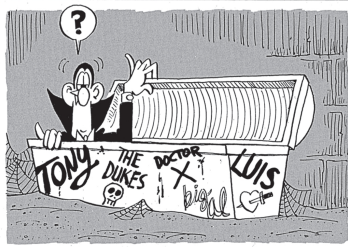
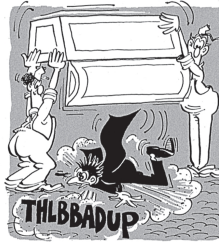
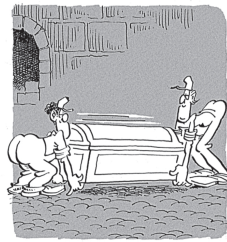
Well, that's good news for me, but you weren't fast enough to save yourself! Sorry to have put the bite on you, but you'll be dead in 30 seconds!

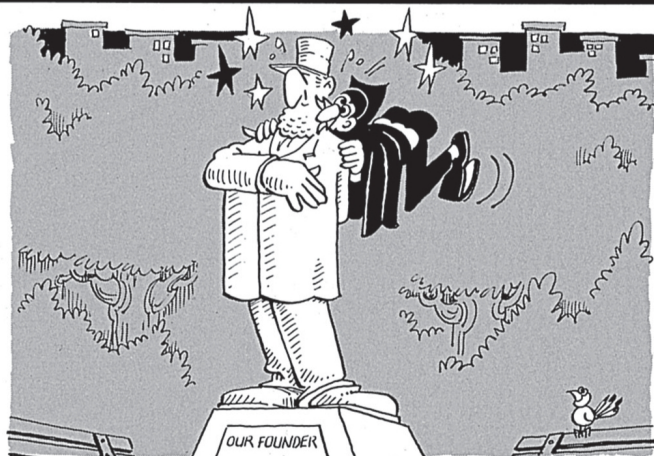
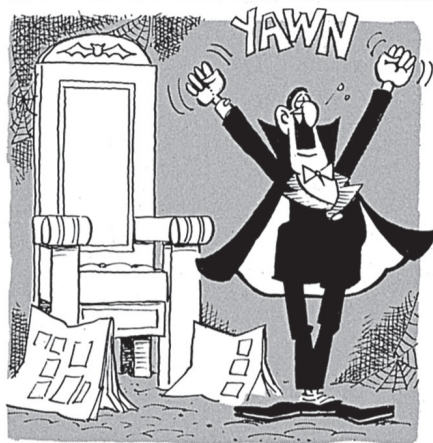
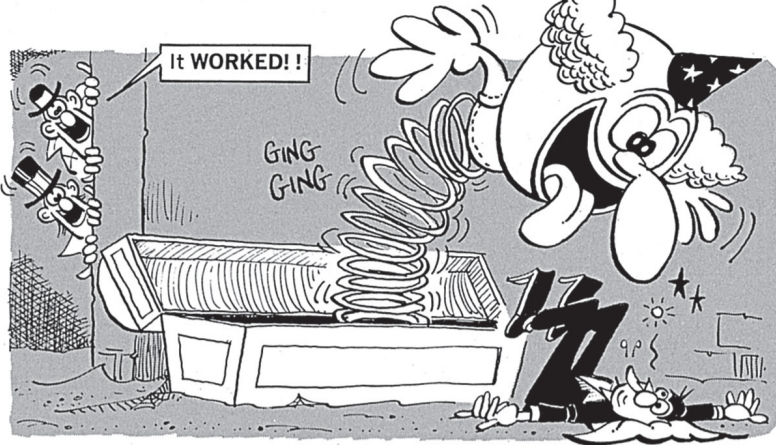
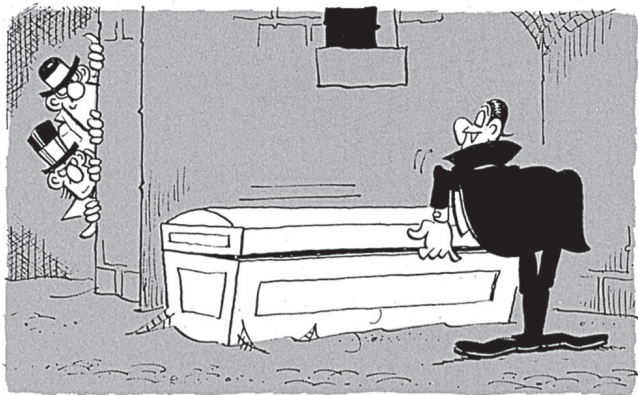
That's good news for me, too! It means I'm out of this fiasco of a movie! So long, blood suckers!

MAD LOOKS AT... DRACULA

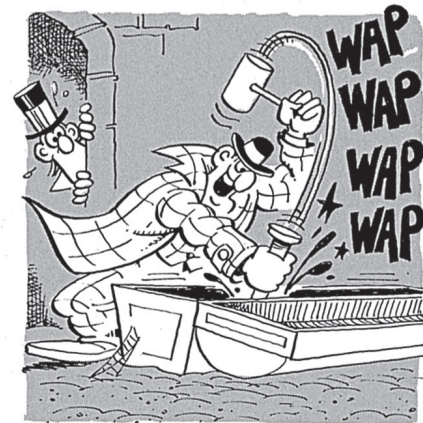
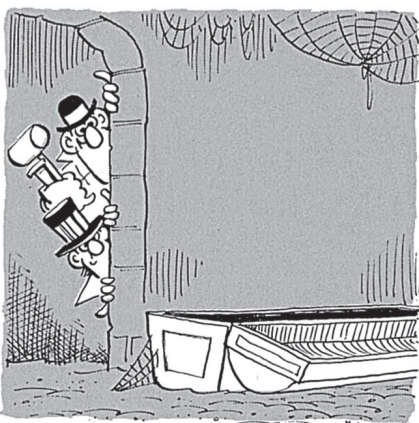


WRITER & ARTIST DON MARTIN





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #213, MAR 1980





MeaNwHile...

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"IT'S THE OUIJA BOARD. SHOULD I LET IT GO TO VOICE MAIL?"



"THAT'LL BE FIVE DOLLARS, OR TEN WITHOUT THE CURSE."



"THERE'S NO SHAME IN ASKING FOR A HAND WHEN YOU NEED ONE."



"I WON'T TELL ANYONE YOU'RE A CAT IN A TRENCHCOAT IF YOU DON'T TELL ANYONE I'M AN OCTOPUS WITH A MANNEQUIN HEAD"

Good news! Zombies are making a comeback! It used to be that these creatures were feared and despised by the general population, but no more! Still, don't pop those champagne corks for zombies just yet! Being a zombie ain't easy, as you'll see in...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

THINGS THAT REALLY GET UNDER A ZOMBIE'S SKIN

WRITER & ARTIST JOHN CALDWELL



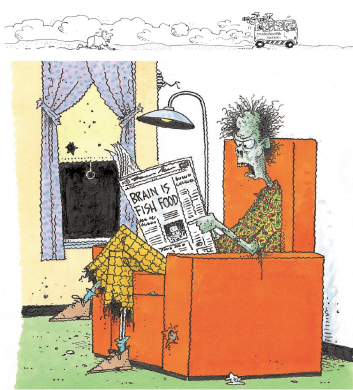
The fact that, no matter how hard he tries, he's never among the first 100 patrons to get something for free



When, just before a big date, his face breaks out in nightcrawlers



Picnic ants



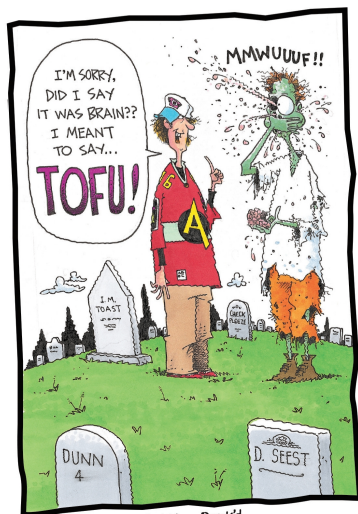
Flip-flopping government studies saying one day that eating brains lowers cholesterol, then the next day, declaring just the opposite



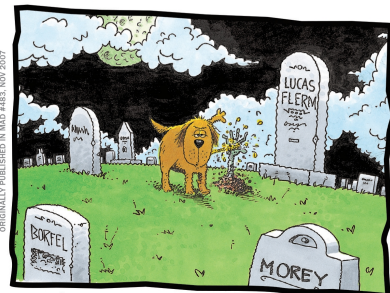
The seemingly insurmountable problems associated with getting a barbed wire bicep tattoo



That debilitating variety of erectile dysfunction that's unique to zombies



Getting Punk'd



Seriously mis-timing that hand-popping-out-from-the-grave moment

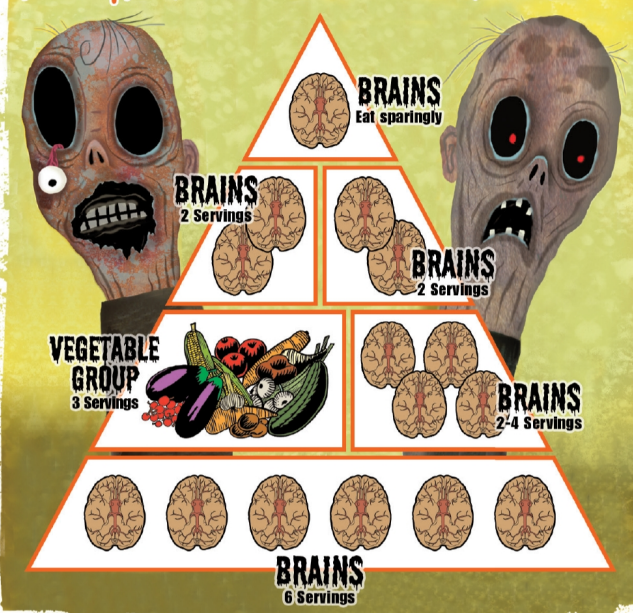


"HE'S CALLING IT A HATE CRIME."

ARTIST & WRITER **JASON YUNGBLUTH**



THE ZOMBIE FOOD PYRAMID



ARTIST **MICHAEL SLACK**

WRITERS **TODD EISNER & BENJAMIN SCHULTZ**

PRODUCT PLACEMENT IN HORROR MOVIES

**AAAGHH! HE'S
ATTACKING ME
WITH THE NEW
HUSQVARNA 353
CHAINSAW WITH
3.3 HORSEPOWER
AND SMART START
FOR EASY, HASSLE-
FREE STARTING!**

ARTIST & WRITER **SCOTT NICKEL**

ALL ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #483, NOV 2007

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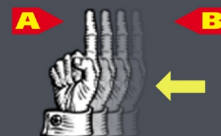
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WHAT SCARY
THING IS
WAITING FOR
STUDENTS AT
SOME SCHOOLS?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Providing students with a well-rounded education in a safe learning space is the highest priority for educators everywhere. Yet in spite of their best intentions and efforts, something scary is rampaging unabated through American schools these days. To see what that is, fold page as shown at right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



CURRENT EVENTS HAVE STUDENTS ON EDGE. IN ORDER TO ENSURE SAFETY, SCHOOLS TAKE DRASTIC STEPS. ON THEIR DOORSTEPS, STRONG SECURITY IS EFFECTIVE, BUT IT TENDS TO CHIP AWAY AT ANY REMAINING SENSE OF NORMALCY FOR ALL.

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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

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American schools these days. To see what that is, fold page as shown at right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



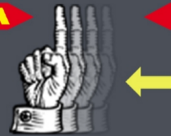
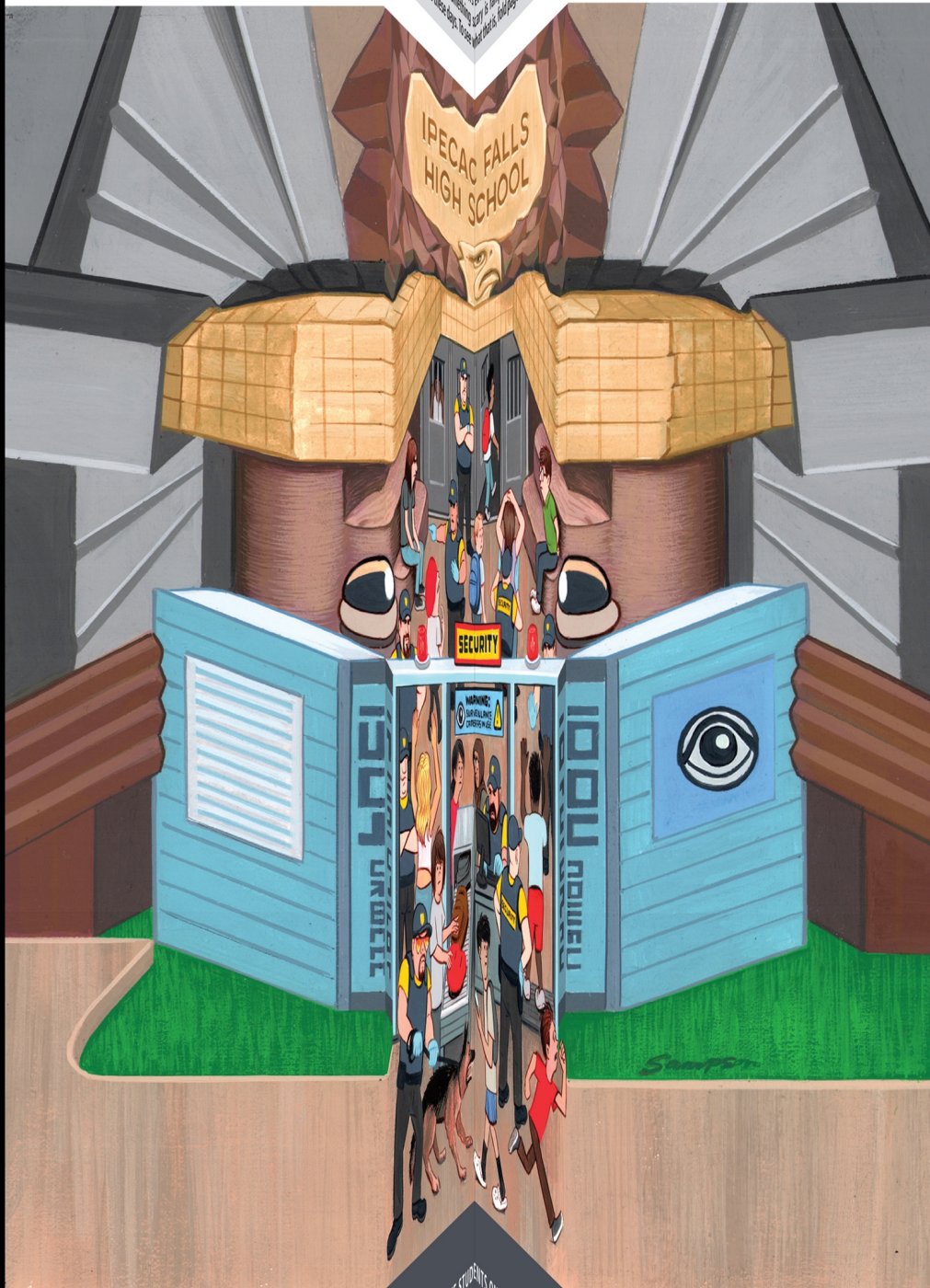
CURRENT EVENTS HAVE STUDENTS ON EDGE. IN ORDER TO EN-
SURE SAFETY, SCHOOLS TAKE DRASTIC STEPS. ON THEIR DOOR-
STEPS, STRONG SECURITY IS EFFECTIVE, BUT IT TENDS TO CHIP
AWAY AT ANY REMAINING SENSE OF NORMALCY FOR ALL.

WRITER & ARTIST: JOHNNY SAMPSON



HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW
MAD FOLD-IN

Providing students with a nationwide education in safe learning space is the highest priority for education everywhere. Let us spare of their best intentions, our clients, some of the leading in managing unmet needs through American schools says yes. To be that is, and page is shown at right.

**B****B**

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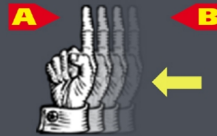
WRITTEN BY JEFFREY BENNETT
DRAWN BY SHANNY KAMPFMAN



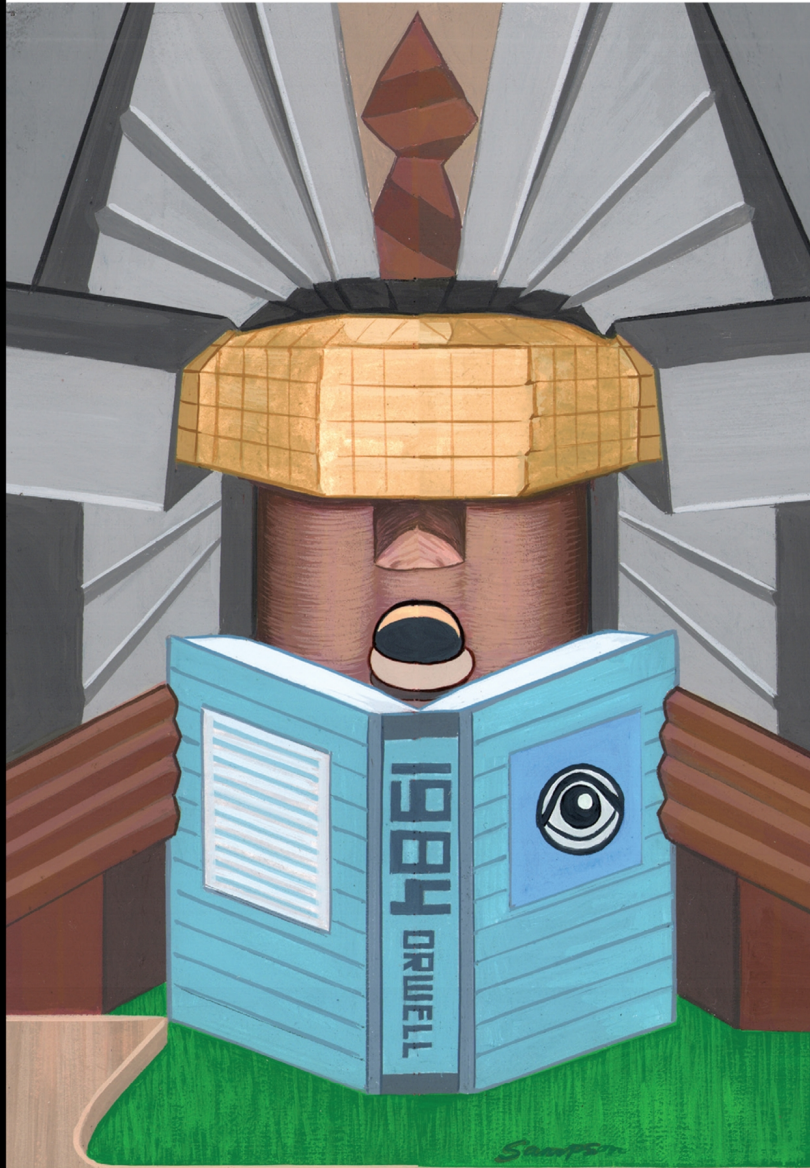
B

WHAT SCARY
THING IS
WAITING FOR
STUDENTS AT
SOME SCHOOLS?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



CEN-
SOR-
SHIP

A B



"Look, Mom—no more cavities!"

Crust Gumpaste helps gums take the place of teeth by coating them with a hard



white enamel finish! Just the thing for punks who get their teeth knocked out from running around with teen-age gangs.



Fluidsteel is a trademark for Proctor & Rumble's exclusive liquid metal gum-coater.

© 1958, The Proctor & Rumble Co.
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #43, DEC 1958

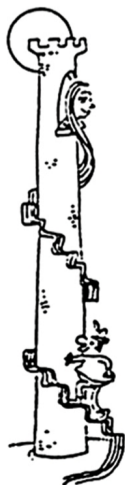
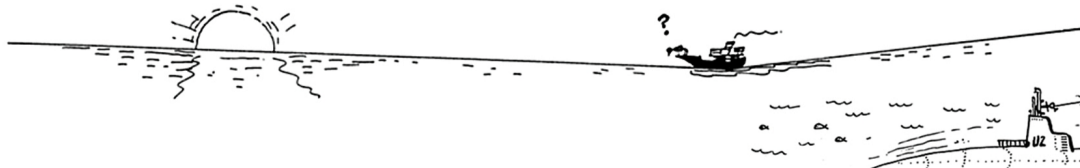
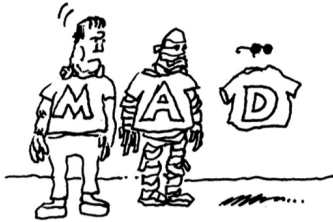
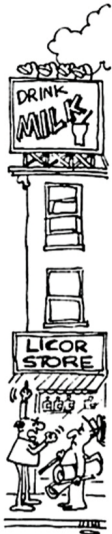
A MAD AD PARODY
ARTIST KELLY FREAS

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

SERGIO ARAGONES

TIME JUL 1971



MAD

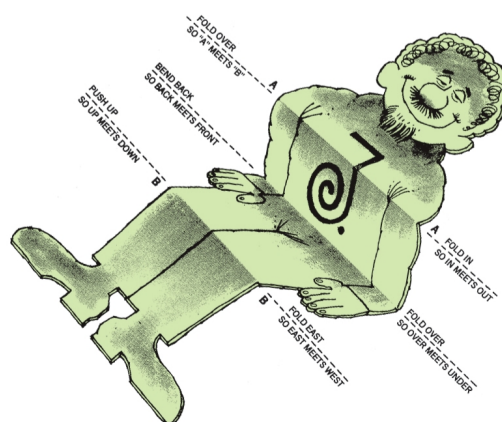
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

It's time to get schooled in some scary bad acting! Get your humorous vein drained and succumb to the silly spell of "Drecula." From MAD #319, June 1993.



Get the entire student body buzzing with Al Jaffee's Fold-in from MAD #478, June 2007. No bull!



HUMOR IN A COPPOLA VEIN DEPT.

Permit me to introduce myself! I am Bela Lugosi, the most famous Dracula ever! Dracula is supposed to be immortal, but this latest version has me turning over in my grave! My Dracula was a classic! But this new version is pure...

Drek-ula

I am a vicious, demonic, blood-sucking horror, not to mention one of the world's most hated and feared monsters! In other words, a vampire! Drek-ula, by name!

I'm also a vicious, demonic, blood-sucking horror, as well as one of the world's most hated and feared monsters—I'm a real estate agent! By name, Johnbore Hawk! I'm also Minor's fiancé!

I'm Minor! Though I'm betrothed to Johnbore, I'm helplessly under Drek-ula's spell! He sometimes appears to me as a young prince! Other times he's an old bat, a snake, a wolf, etc! Quite frankly, I never know what to wear on a date!

I'm Rentree, driven mad by Drek-ula! I survive from the nutrients I get by eating bugs and rodent droppings! Fortunately, I get all that in just about anything that comes from the local supermarket!

I'm Loosely, Minor's best friend! My morals aren't exactly of the highest standard! Let me put it this way—when it comes to indecent behavior, only politicians have been known to exceed me!

I'm Artless Homeboy, Loosely's fiancé! I didn't mind that she made love to other men! I did mind that she did it at the same time I made love to her!

I'm Queasy, another suitor of Loosely! I was shocked when I saw her with a copy of the sexually explicit book, *Arabian Nights*! I was even more shocked to find that the artist had used her as the model for the pictures!

I am Dr. Von Hellischwing, the vampire expert! I was the one who discovered that garlic repels vampires! Unfortunately, it also repels women! I haven't had a date in years!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Loosely, I never saw such a fight to get someone in bed before! But now that I've got you here, let me give you a good night bite!

That's okay for starters! I'm warning you, when I make love, sometimes I become a wolf, a snake, a bat, a horse...

Too bad! I was hoping to try something new!

After waiting for so many centuries, I have no patience for silly chit-chat! I must sink my teeth into your neck and suck out every drop of blood in your body!

Well, aren't you the smooth talker! I guess I'm just your type! Yes, you are—B negative!

We never met, but you remind me of someone who committed suicide hundreds of years ago when I was Prince Gladwrap and went off to battle the Turks in the Crusades!

You should get yourself a new "pick up" line! I've heard that one a thousand times already!

You'll have to forgive me, I'm new in town! I'm from Transylvania!

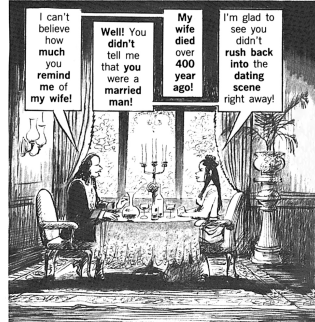
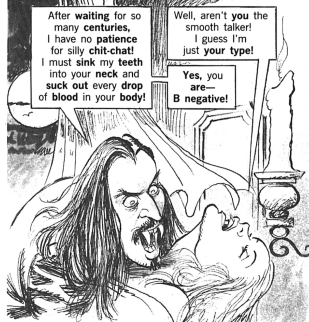
I'm not familiar with the name, but judging by the way you're dressed, Transylvania must be very close to Woodstock!

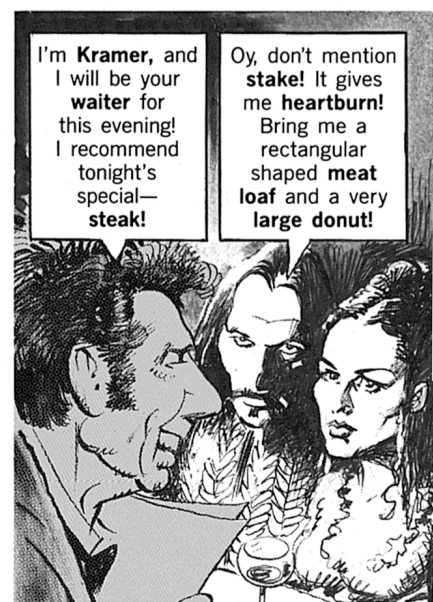
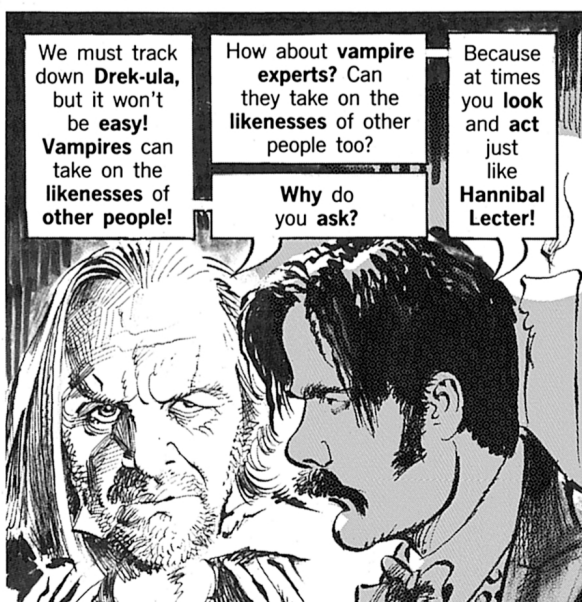
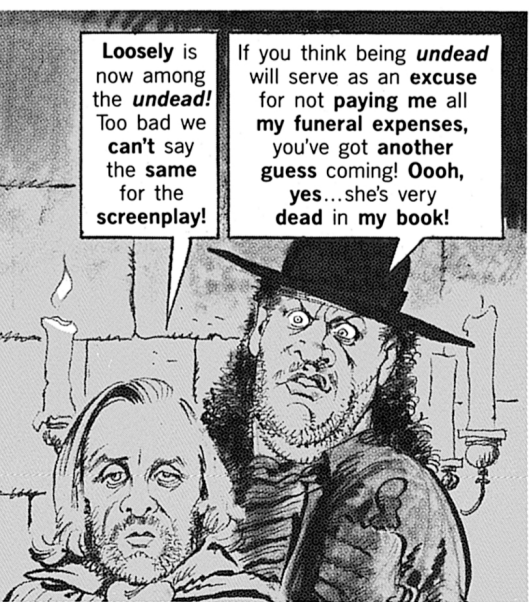
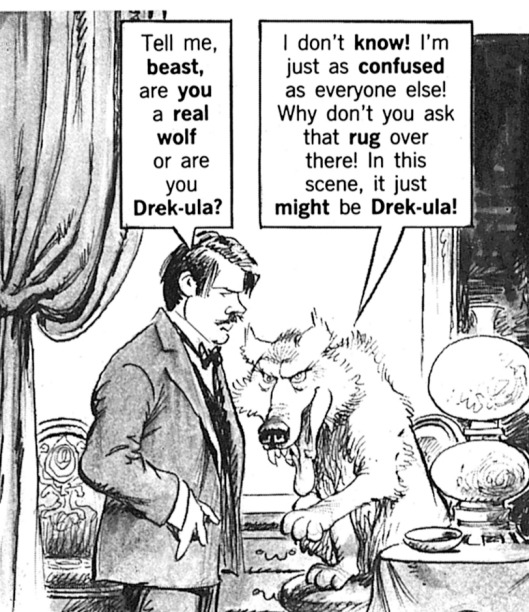
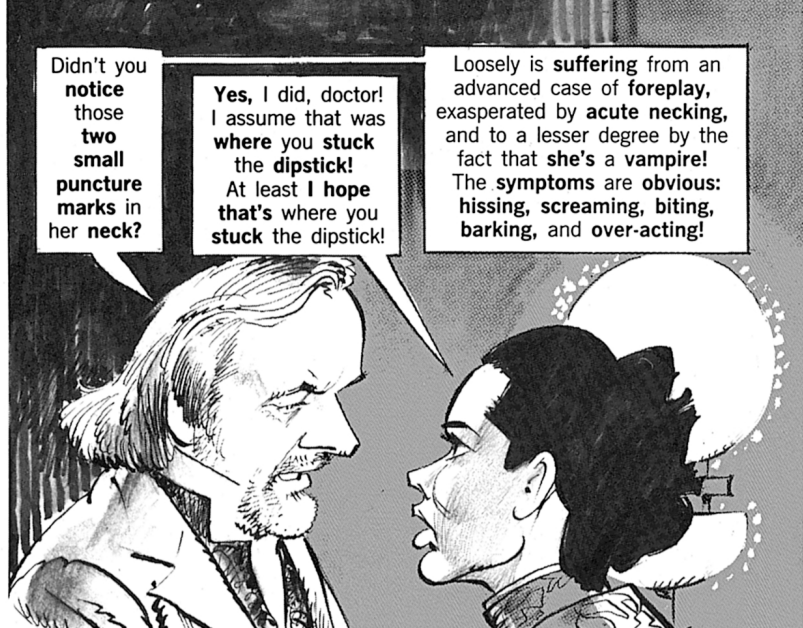
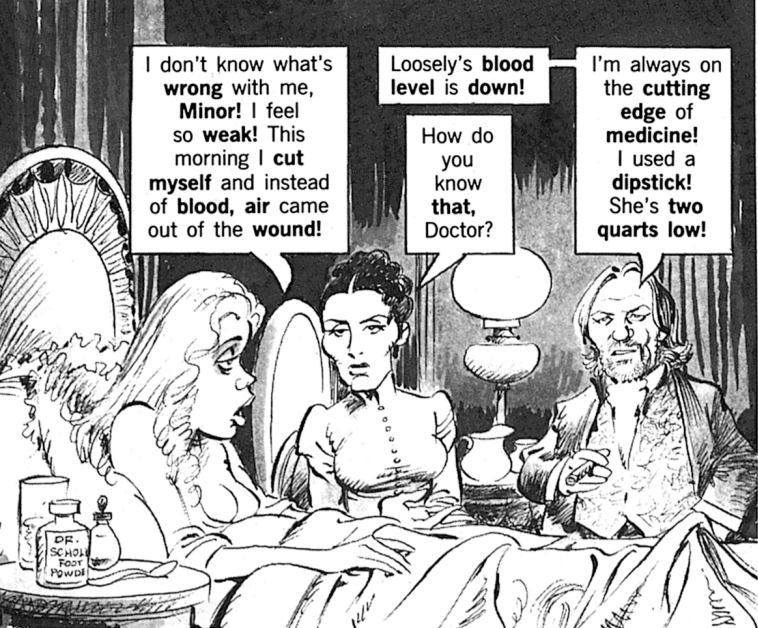
I can't believe how much you remind me of my wife!

Well! You didn't tell me that you were a married man!

My wife died over 400 years ago!

I'm glad to see you didn't rush back into the dating scene right away!







If you don't mind my asking, why such a weird order?

It's for the **special effects people!** They've already **dissolved** from a **severed head** to a **roast beef**—now they can **dissolve** from a **meatloaf** and **donut** to a **coffin** and a **hole** in the **ground** at the **cemetery!**

Loosely's **gone** from her **coffin!** But she left a **note:** "I've gone out for a **Bloody Mary!** Back by **sunrise!**" And there goes **Drek-ula!** Get him!

You'll **never** catch me! I'll call up the **rain** and the **wind** and a lot of **humidity** and only a **10% chance** of **clearing** in the **late afternoon**, which means **kiss your wild hair-dos** **good-bye!**

Did you notice that whenever **Drek-ula** does **one thing**, his **shadow** does **something** **completely** **different?**

Of course I noticed! I came up with the same **"The Shadow Knows"** feature back in **MAD #107!** This **movie** is based on **both** a **Bram Stoker** book and a **Bill Gaines** magazine!



That was **close!** The **undead Loosely** bit me on the **neck!**

Then **you** too will **turn in-** to a **vampire!**

I **don't** think so! To be **safe**, I was **wearing** a **condom** over my **head!**



I'm **dying!** Paying **property taxes** on **nine places** in **midtown London** is **sucking** the **life** out of me!

I will **kiss you**, and **save you!**

You would do **that** for me?

I would do it for **anybody** who owned **nine pieces** of expensive **midtown real estate!**



THERE'S THAT **SHADOW** AGAIN!

Minor, your **kiss** saved me! Not only have I turned back into a **prince**, I've turned into a **prince** in a far **better movie—Beauty and the Beast!**

And we'd like to **talk** to you about **that!**

Who are **you?**

We're more **blood-sucking scum—lawyers!** We represent **Walt Disney Studios** from whom you **stole** our **Beauty and the Beast** **plot!**



Hah! You'll **never** win! There's no **comparison** between these **films!** That one **made sense**, it was **fun**, and the **audience** really **cared** about the **characters!**

Old **Drek's** got 'em there!



WHAT
HAS MANY
AMERICAN STUDENTS
JITTERY AND
EDGY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Being a typical student means putting up with a lot of stuff that's hard to swallow. These poor, hard-working kids feel so much pressure inside, it's a miracle they can get through the day. To find out what is keeping them wide awake and anxious all night long, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



STUDENTS FACE MANY PROBLEMS AS THEY
ENTER SCHOOL. THEY HOPE FOR A MAGIC SYNERGY
TO OCCUR TO HELP THEM THROUGH THIS
DREARY TIME. IT'S HARDER THAN ANYONE THINKS

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WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

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HIGH TUITION COSTS

JOB MARKET

RELATIONSHIPS

SATS

TESTS

**REGISTER NOW AND READ
BULLETIN BOARD FOR ALL
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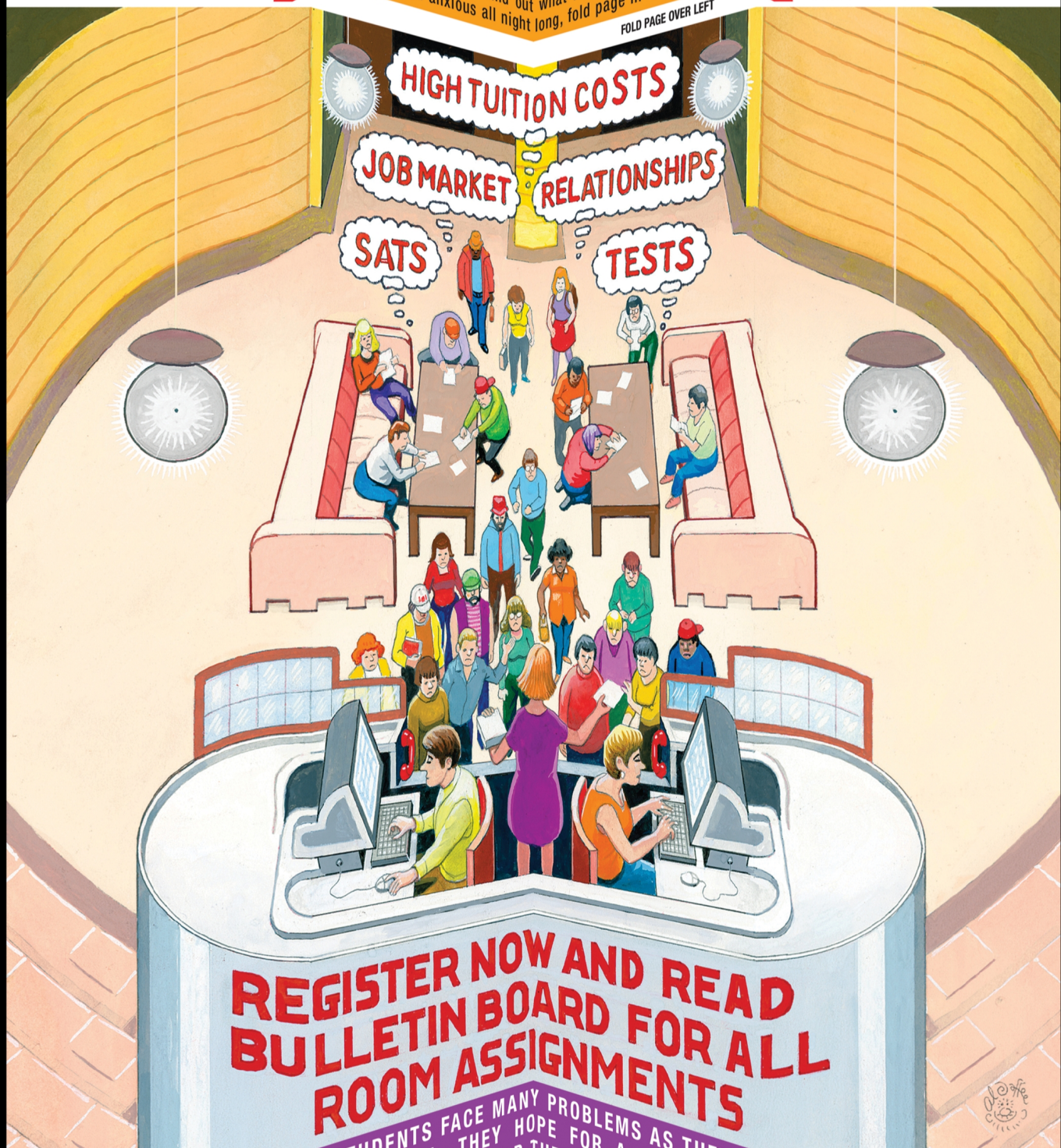


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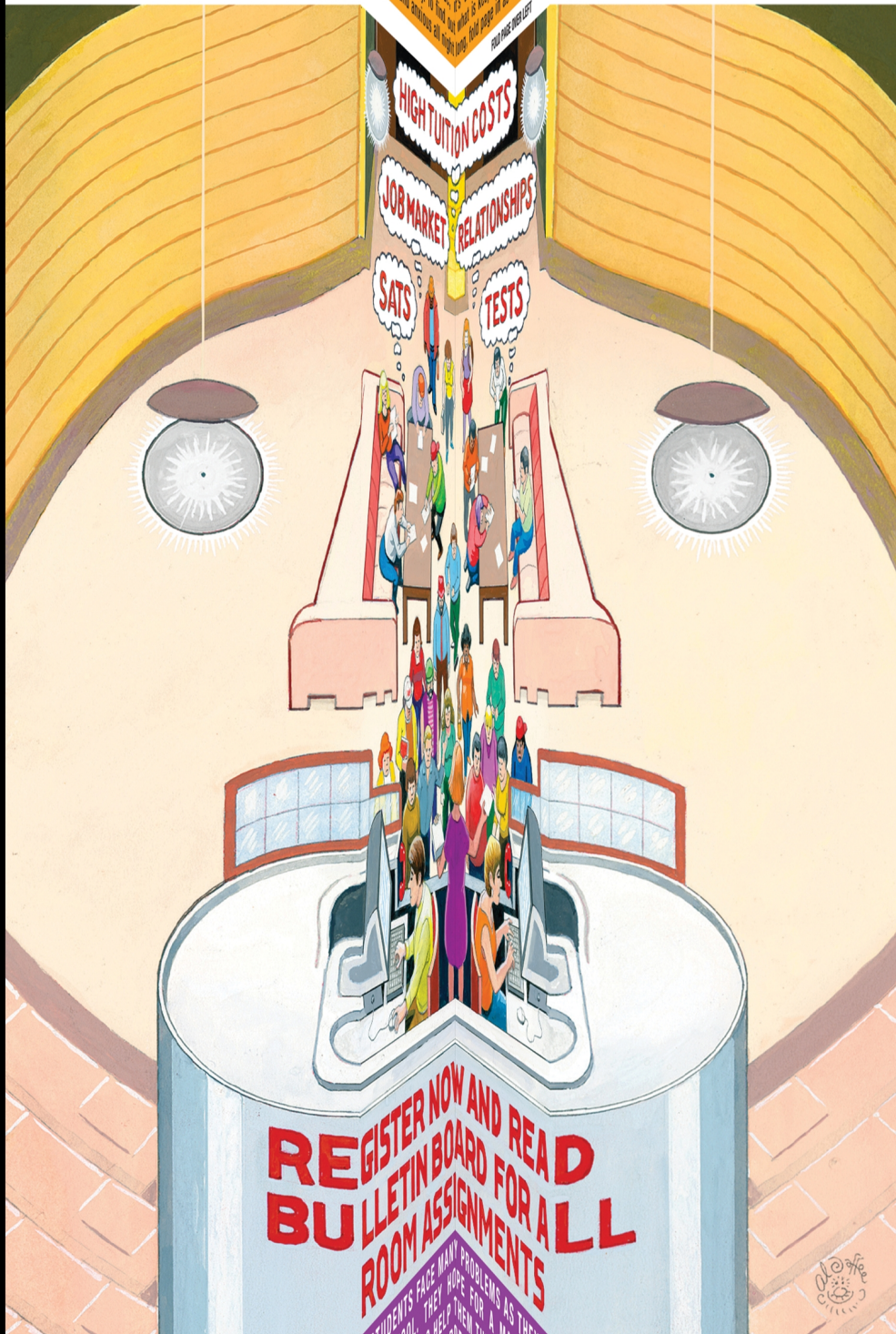


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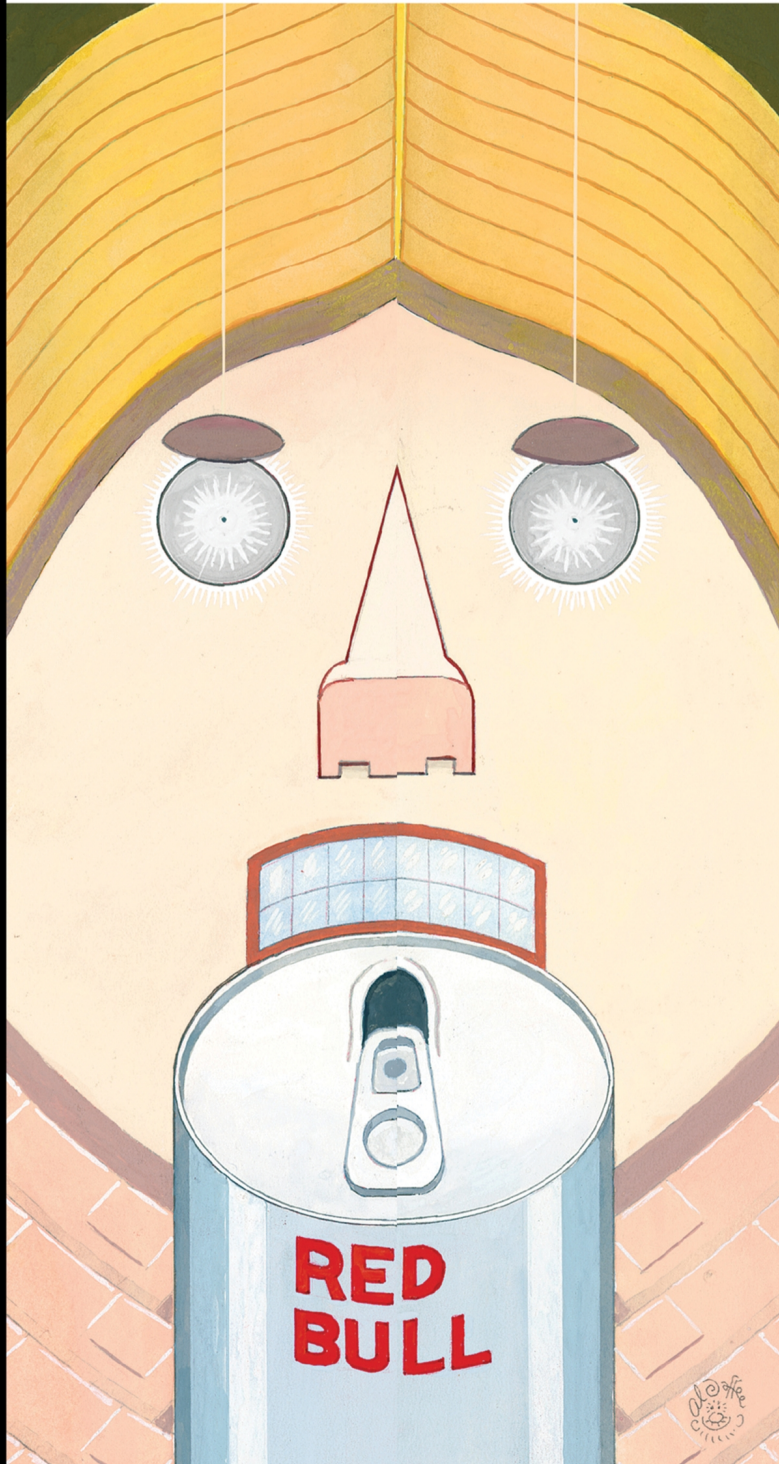
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ENERGY

DRINKS

A **B**

MAD

